

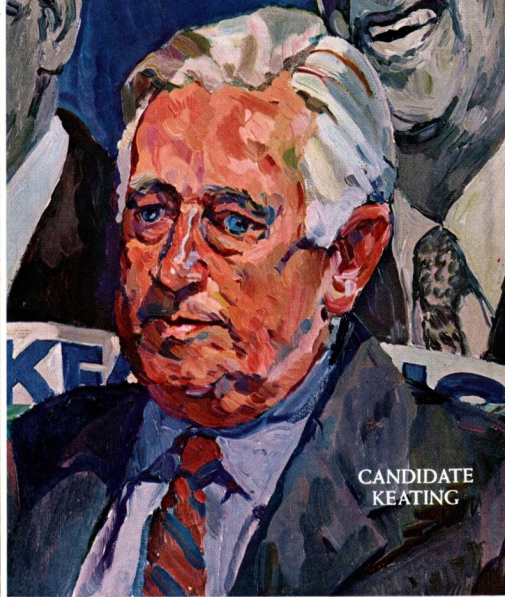
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

OCT

The Year of the Split Ticket

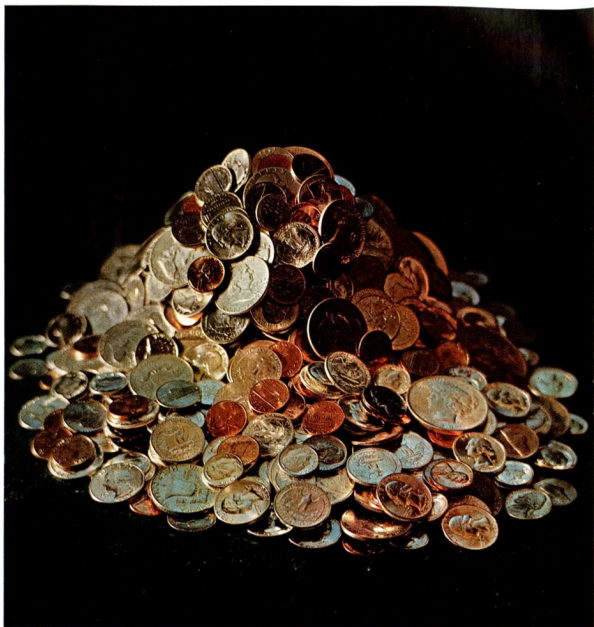
TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



CANDIDATE
KEATING

VOL. 84 NO. 18
(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



Here's a unique new plan to help you manage your money now

Money management isn't for professionals alone. Whatever your family's income, money problems are always present. And they're not easy to solve.

This is just one reason why Connecticut General Life Insurance Company has created a unique new plan to help you manage your money *now* . . . a plan that provides *immediate* financial advantages. What's more, it helps you start today to meet tomorrow's goals without cutting back!

This new concept in money management, based on CG's years of experience, is called 25/75. It helps you decide where you stand and where you're going . . . and how much of what you make is making *new* money for you. Insurance is only a part of it.

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CONNECTICUT GENERAL



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Don't get us wrong.

Most people think Astrovision's movies and stereo music are pretty nice on a long flight.

But there are some—especially businessmen with work to do—who are just as glad we included an "off" switch. No one likes to be a captive audience anyway.

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After all, you can't go wrong.

There's always the "off" switch.

American Airlines



Why has The St. Paul Insurance Man left the disaster area? (Scared?)

No, he's going home. Claims are already settled. The people have their money. And some representatives are just arriving on the scene. (This happens right along but we've been pretty quiet about it.)

Here is our track record on one actual operation:

On October 11, typhoon Freda struck the West Coast. Within hours The St. Paul Disaster Crew was in Portland. They were among the first insurance men

to arrive. Settled 1,325 claims on the spot.

Frankly, we pay claims this fast only when the cause is this clear and the claim this justified. Our adjusters—a narrow-eyed group—normally take considerable time to make sure claims are legitimate. This helps keep premiums down, and us solvent. And both of them benefit you.

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We may be the World's
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Look for him in
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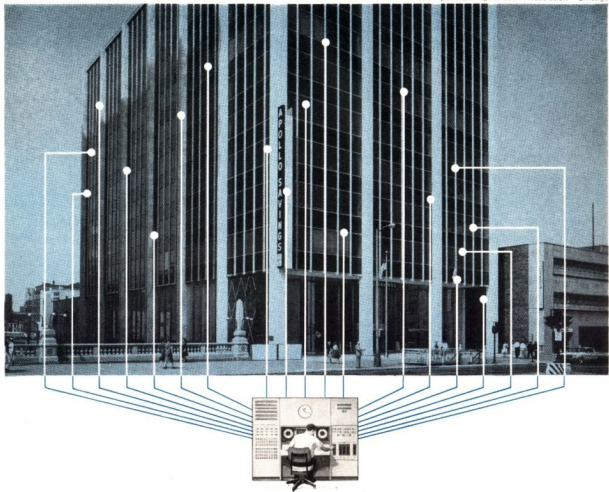


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Mrs. Lee McCarty, potter, Mississippi



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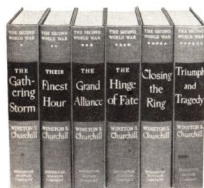


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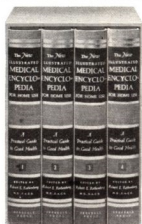
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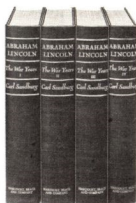
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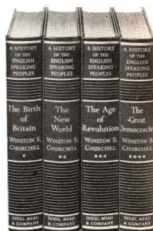


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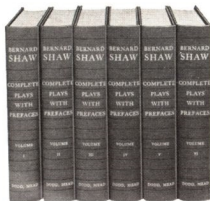
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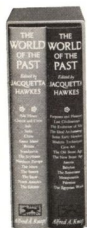
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Tom showed me an essay he wrote for school—"What the Presidential Election Means to Me." Fascinating, I'll bet.



He says that during the campaign period there is an "increased amount of bickering" between me and your brother.

You must admit you always bring up politics whenever Myron drops in for a social evening.



He also points out that there's "a good deal of quibbling" between you and my mother. Eavesdropper.



He concludes by saying that we should all exercise our right to vote because it guarantees a continuation of our form of government as well as a secure future for all of us.

Sometimes I worry about our future.



Well, we do our part. We vote. We pressure our friends. We complain about taxes.

I mean our personal future.



No need to worry about that. I've taken care of our future with Living Insurance from Equitable. It guarantees you a neat little bundle if something should happen to me. And if nothing does, we can use the cash that it built up to guarantee us a tidy lifetime income when I retire.

I just wish you wouldn't keep calling Myron "politically immature."



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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Thursday, October 29

BETWITCHED (ABC, 9-9:30 p.m.).* Guest Shelley Berman plays a candy king whose plans to incorporate broomstick uglies into his Halloween advertising campaign arouse the ire of housewife Witch Samantha (Elizabeth Montgomery).

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Speech by Barry Goldwater. (Also election eve, same time.)

PERRY COMO'S KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). In the first of this season's seven Como specials, Perry offers Anne Bancroft, Stanley Holloway and Victor Borger.

Friday, October 30

INTERNATIONAL SHOWTIME (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The Berlin Ice Revue glitens with European skating champions, skating comedians, acrobats and lavish production numbers.

THE ADDAMS FAMILY (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Halloween with the Addamses is suitably ghoulish when Morticia and Gomez welcome bank robbers to their cobweb-hung manse as trick-or-treaters.

THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Excerpts from Julius Monk's rollicking and timely Plaza 9 revue, *Bits and Pieces*. Color.

Sunday, November 1

SUNDAY (NBC, 4-5 p.m.). Voter-in-the-street interviews and a review of precampaign and campaign statements by the presidential candidates.

THE CAMPAIGN AND THE CANDIDATES (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). A last-minute glance at the various political races.

ELECTION PREVIEW (CBS, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). An evaluation of the 1964 campaign, the issues involved, and the outlook for Election Day.

Monday, November 2

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Paid political broadcast, whose format is not yet settled.

Tuesday, November 3

ELECTION COVERAGE (ABC, CBS, NBC, 7 p.m. to conclusion). All three networks tune in where the campaign tunes out to compute, analyze and dissect the returns. Anchormen for ABC are Edward P. Morgan and Howard K. Smith, and for NBC, Chet Huntley and David Brinkley. CBS, having officially abandoned the title Anchorman, heads its team with "National Editor Assigned to Integrate and Summarize the Overall Election Story" Walter Cronkite.

THEATER

CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS. A band of incredibly funny young Cambridge graduates, with a revue that thinks small and carries a big slapstick. Laughter is all but incessant, and the most hilarious sketch of the evening is a bewigged theater-of-the-absurd British courtroom trial involving a dwarf.

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR is an animated documentary that prims like a skull at the follies of World War I. Adding humor and song to pity and terror, *Lovely War*

achieves a catharsis hardly to be believed of a musical. The hand that guides it is Joan Littlewood's; the guiding spirit is Bertolt Brecht's.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF. Incredibly, this musical discovers high theater and infectious gaiety in the funny-sad story of Tevye and his five daughters in a Russian village prior to the 1905 revolution. Zero Mostel is a million rubles worth of joy.

ABSENCE OF A CELLO. This amusing farce breezes along on the proposition that the corporate image is a fright mask.

RECORDS

Virtuosos

BEETHOVEN: THE COMPLETE PIANO SONATAS (10 LPs; Deutsche Grammophon). A beautifully re-engineered reissue of the 32 sonatas by Wilhelm Kempff, who at 68 made his long-awaited U.S. debut at Carnegie Hall last fortnight. The German master's interpretation of the sonatas is justly famed. Perhaps a sense of mystery is missing from the late works, perhaps there are occasional pauses to savor details rather than a constant forward drive, but Kempff's Beethoven is worthy of comparison with Schnabel's—less sweeping but often more spontaneous, lyrical and witty.

CHOPIN: WALTZES (RCA Victor). Artur Schnabel's new recording of the 14 waltzes treats them as poems rather than dances, fountains rather than fireworks. There are flashes of brilliance, but the prevailing impression is of candlelit intimacy. The romantic, polished septuagenarian seems to have taken his cue from his compatriot, Chopin himself, whose playing of soft passages was described by a listener as "a mere breath."

BOCCHERINI: CONCERTO FOR CELLO AND ORCHESTRA (Deutsche Grammophon). Boccherini was a cellist himself but probably never knew how lush and lustrous his music could sound. Pierre Fournier transports the B-flat concerto out of the 18th century and plays it 19th century style, richly and romantically, but with taste. Along with Boccherini comes the first recording of a cello concerto by C.P.E. Bach, including a melodious Largo that Fournier makes luminous. The accompanying Lucerne Festival Strings is conducted by Rudolf Baumgartner.

ANDREW IMBRIE: CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN AND ORCHESTRA (Columbia). Zoltan Rozsnyai is the conductor and Carroll Glenn the violinist for the belated first recording of one of the most powerful works written in the U.S. in recent years (1950-54). Miss Glenn's protean violin achieves a dozen moods and a dozen rhythms as the big piece swirls forward, and an occasional bell-like sound tells the dissolution of the themes like the stroke of midnight.

BACH: HARPSICHORD CONCERTO IN D MINOR (London). A stunning performance of one of Bach's great works, the three movements, all in the minor key, creating a somber but noble vision. George Malcolm's harpsichord never clangs, never tinkles, but has subtle varieties of timbre that sometimes melt into and sometimes richly enliven the music of the string orchestra. Karl Münchinger is the conductor.

MOZART: FLUTE CONCERTO IN D MAJOR (London). The orchestra is the London Symphony, the conductor the late great Pierre Monteux, and the soloist his son

Claude, himself a conductor and composer as well as virtuoso flautist. The recording, made last spring a few months before the Maestro's death, was the first the two made together. It was more than a sentimental occasion: the 89-year-old conductor gave spacious backing to the younger Monteux, who plays Mozart, embellished with his own cadenzas, with lighthearted ease and steely delicacy. Father and son also collaborated in Bach's Suite No. 2 and in the "Dance of the Blessed Spirits" from Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice*.

CINEMA

THE SOFT SKIN. A elegant style and economy. French Director François Truffaut (*The 400 Blows*) analyzes the love game as played by an aging, suave intellectual (Jean Desailly) who shuttles between his wife and a shapely airline stewardess (Françoise Dorléac).

TOPKAPI. A jewel theft in Istanbul is played mostly for laughs by Melina Mercouri, Maximilian Schell and Peter Ustinov in Director Jules Dassin's niftiest caper since *Rififi*.

THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY. Robert Shaw and Mary Ure are superb in a sensitive, deeply affecting drama based on Brian Moore's novel about a genial Irish nobody who feels his life and his wife slipping away from him.

TO RATHER BE RICH. Another romantic mix-up, rather wayward heiness—but the familiar ingredients are whipped into a nice froth by Sandra Dee, Robert Goulet, Andy Williams, Hermine Gingold.

THE APE WOMAN. Man's inhumanity is the theme of this squalid but often hilarious Italian comedy about a punk promoter and his wife, a girl covered from head to toe with brown silky hair.

MARY POPPINS. Walt Disney's drollest film in decades has wit, sentiment, lifting tunes, and an irresistible performance by Julie Andrews as the proper London governess with a flair for magic.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. Italian Director Pietro Germi (*Divorce—Italian Style*) again turns Sicilian social codes inside out in this tragicomedy about the violent aftermath of a provincial maiden's mistep.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. A stylish French spoof of Hollywood action epics assigns most of the derring-do to Hero Jean-Paul Belmondo, who does it to a tune.

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT. The Beatles play the Beatles in a comedy deftly calculated to whip up hysteria among pre-teens without spoiling the fun for their elders.

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES. As a bubbly colleen who chances a fling with a middle-aged author—Britain's Rita Tushingham makes a trite tale seem fresh, poignant, and deliciously funny.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. Burdened with some of the fascinating ills that Tennessee Williams' characters are heir to, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr and Richard Burton repair to a shabby Mexican resort for group therapy.

BOOKS

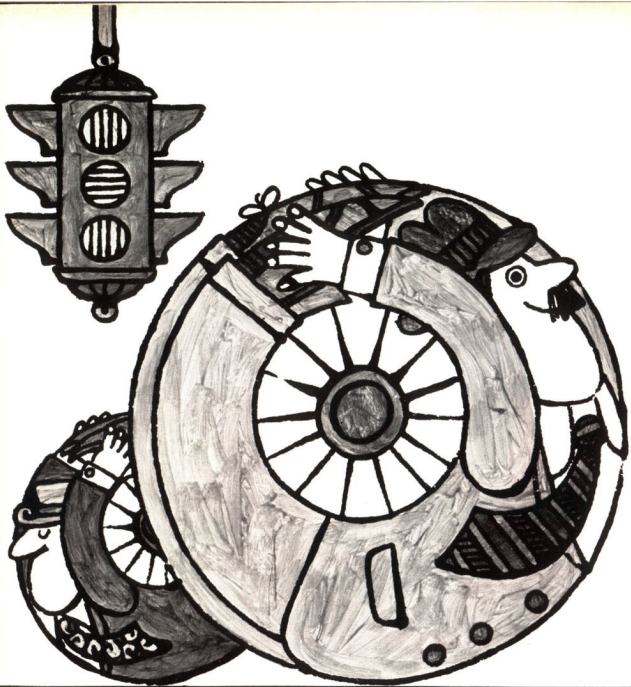
Best Reading

MARKINGS, by Dag Hammarskjöld. The late Secretary-General of the United Nations called this journal a record of "my negotiations with myself—and with God." Sometimes exalted, sometimes in despair, Hammarskjöld wrote only of his mind and emotions in a series of *pensées*, poems

* All times E.S.T.



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We get up in the morning just like other steel people do. We shave, eat breakfast and then go to work to make steel. All the time we're thinking about number one: the \$38 billion automotive market that uses 17.2 million tons of our industry's steel. And 38% of all hot-rolled steel bars, 46% of cold rolled sheet. Don't misunderstand us. All the markets of steel are important to us. But this marvelous market on wheels

is a special challenge to steel. And, in trying to increase Youngstown's share, all of our customers benefit. And we're dedicating time and money and men: some 250 million dollars at our Indiana Harbor (Indiana) Works, alone. Under construction: a new 80" cold rolled sheet mill. Already completed: our #2 galvanizing line, the Midwest's finest and its companion, the #1 galvanizing line; new and improved bar and rod

facilities. And many more things from research to computerization for improved customer services. Try us. Going after what we want, not being satisfied with what we get, keeps Youngstown, a growing force in steel.

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and meditations that reveal the iciest diplomat of them all was at heart a God-haunted mystic.

FOR THE UNION DEAD, by Robert Lowell. Less obscure than his earliest works and less embarrassingly confessional than his recent *Life Studies*, these poems pursue Lowell's preoccupation with creativity, madness, marriage and his Puritan heritage in tough, masculine verse.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Charles Chaplin. Hollywood's comic genius writes eloquently of his pitifully poor childhood but prefers name dropping to telling about his later artistic achievements. The reason for this autobiographical lapse is apparent on every page and saves the book: despite his fame, the penniless child in Charlie still marvels at the attention of the great.

THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WIDOW, by John Cheever. In these chilling short stories, the fall from corporate grace, the merger, the personal scandal that might stop the money, are the demons Cheever uses to speculate about the fears of salaried suburbanites.

LITTLE BIG MAN, by Thomas Berger. An exuberant novel of the wild West that lights new fires under old myths yet at the same time satirizes them.

REMINISCENCES, by Douglas MacArthur. In a style that is more restrained than his usual baroque eloquence, MacArthur vividly recounts his trials and his triumphs.

HERZOG, by Saul Bellow. In this long-awaited novel, Bellow's hero is a man in search of a new life amid the rubble of a wrecked marriage. His conclusion is disappointingly flat ("I am what I am"), but in the process of reaching it, Herzog-Bellow ranges wittily, learnedly and perceptively over nearly all the dilemmas—major, minor and plain absurd—of 20th century man in a virtuoso display that is a constant delight.

THE WORDS, by Jean-Paul Sartre. After a series of increasingly labored, metaphysically morose works, Sartre has written a clear-eyed, warm, but very sad account of his early years. The despair of modern existentialism, it turns out, is partly rooted in the struggle for sanity of a bookish, lonely child.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (1 last week)
2. Herzog, Bellow (2)
3. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (3)
4. This Rough Magic, Stewart (4)
5. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (6)
6. Julian, Vidal (7)
7. Armageddon, Kris (5)
8. A Mother's Unrest, Friedman (9)
9. The Man, Wallace (10)
10. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (8)

NONFICTION

1. Reminiscences, MacArthur (1)
2. My Autobiography, Chaplin (2)
3. Harlow, Shulman (5)
4. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (3)
5. The Kennedy Wit, Adler
6. The Italians, Barzini (6)
7. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (4)
8. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross (7)
9. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (9)
10. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (10)



**Happy birthday to you.
Happy birthday to you.
Happy birthday, dear Jackie-e-e-e.
Hap-py birth-day...to...you-u-u-u.
(It's your turn to bowl, Scotty.)**

Jackie's 9th birthday was different.

It took place at a bowling center. Jackie and 8 of his closest friends bowled, cheered, giggled, ate cake and ice cream, laughed, screeched and even sang (see above).

The proprietor of the bowling center arranged everything from the birthday cake to party hats and soft drinks.

The thing Jackie's mother enjoyed the most was that the party didn't take place at home (and she's an avid bowler herself).

Perhaps your youngster would appreciate a bowling birthday party. It's easy to arrange. And the weather can't affect it.

For the best, always bowl where you see the Magic Triangle.



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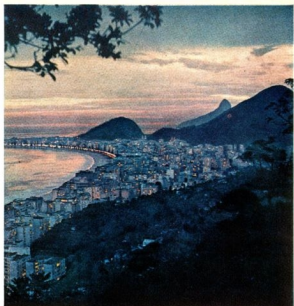
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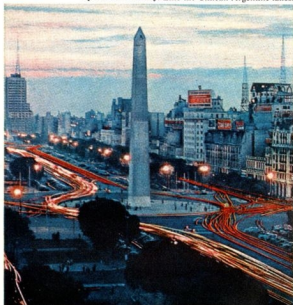
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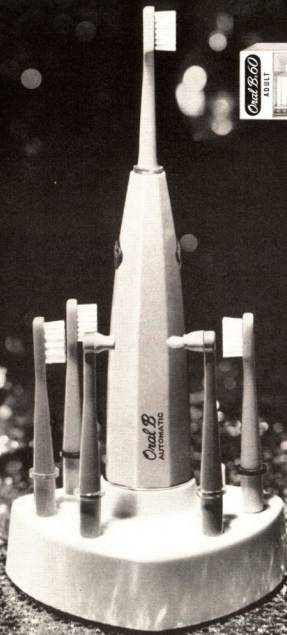
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*Patent No. 2,845,649 Dentist's name on request

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LETTERS

To the Finish Line

Sir: This election is merely a choice between moral decay and radioactive decay.

JAMES POLLOCK

Calumet, Mich.

Sir: There is an old saying among lawyers that if the facts favor your client, stress the facts in your argument; if the law favors your client, stress the law in your argument; if neither fact nor law supports your client's position, attack opposing counsel or even the judge himself. It is clear that Senator Goldwater's entourage has been unable to develop rational arguments to support his positions, and this accounts for his constant personal attacks on the President.

ARNOLD SCHLOSSBERG

Roanoke, Va.

Sir: The Soviet launching of a three-person spaceship emphasizes our need to re-elect Johnson, who has already worked long and hard for a better U.S. space program as a Senator and later as Vice President and President. Senator Goldwater is a man who wants to enter the space age wearing a railroad man's hat.

KARL W. DEUTSCH

Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Sir: It seems to me that instead of the continual stress on whether the American people want a "trigger-happy" President, it is high time that people start asking themselves whether they want a "wheeler-dealer" President, who wants to get his way by any nefarious or unscrupulous means and build up his personal fortune into the bargain. Other countries of the world would have far more respect for a President of high moral principles, firmness and unquestionable character.

D. WEST

Alexandria, Va.

Sir: You stated that Johnson wants to feel himself beloved by everybody. I have written letters to his office twice and his staff did not even bother to answer. Apparently he does not care whether I love him or not.

JAMES GABBARD

Round Hill, Ky.

Sir: Protestants, Jews, Catholics, rich, poor, old, young, businessmen, laborers, Northerners, Westerners, Southerners, Negroes, whites, Democrats, Republicans, minority groups and majority groups, allies, neutralists, Communists, and just about

everyone else seem to be against Senator Barry Goldwater. If for nothing else, Senator Goldwater should be commended for his ability to firmly bring the world to an agreement on something.

BETTY HENDERSON

Pittsburgh

The Jenkins Scandal

Sir: If, as Mr. Johnson says, he knew nothing of the activities of Bobby Baker, Billie Sol Estes or Mr. Jenkins, he must be extremely naive. If people whom he has known well over many years can hoodwink him this easily, think how our enemies may deceive him. If, on the other hand, he was aware of these things but did nothing about them, it can only be concluded that he condoned the actions of these men.

F. L. GOUDY

Cleveland

Sir: If Dean Burch really had the interest of the country at heart, he could have informed the proper authorities to "phase out" Jenkins without publicity. By making it known, he has not only destroyed a life, but he has made Jenkins the possible prey of any plot to extort information.

ED HOFFER

Washington

Sir: To use the Jenkins story as Dean Burch does is just a poor sample of charity and intelligence. Let us have peace on earth by wishing a happy Christmas to Mr. Goldwater in Arizona instead of in the White House.

N. J. A. SMITH

San Rafael, Calif.

Sir: I have never quite learned to accept the American attitude that will condemn and publicly degrade a man who has devoted himself to years of conscientious public service, and then invoke the myth of guilt by association to question the private morality of an entire Administration.

BRENDA RICHARDSON

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir: I was indeed pleased to learn that the streets of Washington are so safe that police can spend their time patrolling a Y.M.C.A. men's room.

DONALD F. DREIBACH

Evanston, Ill.

Sir: I know it's probably irrelevant, but who watches the guys who watch the peepholes?

ROLAND McCANDLESH

San Barbara, Calif.

That Week

Sir: Judging from your cover, with pictures of Kosygin, Brezhnev, Wilson, Johnson, and the bomb in the background [Oct. 23], I would guess that you had a few problems in trying to decide which the most significant news story of the week was. At any rate, you have my sympathy for the long hours and white hairs this past frantic week must have caused you. Your reporting was fine.

MALCOLM BLACK JR.

Stamford, Conn.

Chinese Firecracker

Sir: Neither of the presidential candidates has offered any solution to the increasing danger posed by Red China's belligerence. Now that Red China has exploded an atomic device and will soon be capable of delivering it, hadn't we better start a program of preventive medicine? Or do we just wait for the bomb to drop on us, smug in the knowledge that it will probably be smaller than ours?

RICHAUD E. EDDY

Atlanta

Sir: The timing of the Red Dragon's nuclear detonation seemed like a gruesome version of Chinese firecrackers to celebrate Khrushchev's removal from leadership of the Red Bear.

HAROLD ROLAND SHAPIRO

New York City

Brezhnev & Kosygin

Sir: Khrushchev's resignation brought to my mind your April 24, 1964, cover on Lenin. The story, as you recall, said that the Order of Lenin was pinned on Khrushchev by President Leonid Brezhnev, and that Khrushchev's colleagues saluted him as a "militant leader, a fiery tribune, giving his burning energy in the service of the cause of Communism." *Sic transit gloria!*

GUSTAVE L. GOLDSTEIN

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir: Is there any truth to the rumor that Khrushchev resigned so that he would be free to run for the U.S. Senate from New York?

GUY F. MILLER

Charlottesville, Va.

Understanding the Court

Sir: I agree with your high estimate of Mr. Justice Black [Oct. 9]. When people understand the background and meaning of the Court's decisions, much of the broadside criticism of the Court which is based on ignorance of these facts disappears. The decisions of the last decade will go down in history as among the greatest in the history of the Court.

CHARLES S. RHYNE

Washington, D.C.

Arkansans for Integration

Sir: You quoted Governor Faubus' cruel and ill-advised statement: "The first time Negro demonstrators lie down in the street . . . if no one else would do it, I would be willing to run over them." As a lifetime Arkansan I resent your comment that "such talk still goes over well in Arkansas." The many educated people of Arkansas accept and believe in the rightness of integration. The majority of us are willing to help it along, lawfully if slowly. Not only the class who listens to the music of Darius Milhaud and reads the stories of John Cheever is working to elect Win Rockefeller, Plain,

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MARGARET VAN DYKE

Newport, Ark.

Forewarned

Sir: I must disagree with your statement, "chances are, no one will hear much about Jack Crichton after the election" [Oct. 23]. As long as Connally is fronting for L.B.J., you will hear from Jack Crichton.

JACK CRICHTON

Dallas

A Profession of Home

Sir: Letter Writers Wenkert and Bickel [Oct. 23] err in their concept of my book. Its preface gives this specific warning: "When I speak of housekeeping I do not refer to housework. This is no manual on how to polish brass or clean ovens or have the whitest wash on the block." I merely champion the multitude of women who may prefer home to the marketplace but who have been brainwashed into feeling guilty about it. Women are so talented they ought to have their choice of professions—housewifery among them.

PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

Weston, Conn.

Sex & Marriage

Sir: Dean Fitch's "five arguments" re sex [Oct. 16] certainly stand on the side of good mental health. However, his conclusion that "sexual compatibility is not essential in a happy marriage" could be misleading. Sexual incompatibility is a symptom not to be taken lightly, but rather deserving of intense scrutiny both as an individual and a cultural problem.

JOHN J. GORDON

Family Service Society
Marion, Ohio

Sir: Dean Fitch's reference to idyllic South Sea islanders is inappropriate. Sex to Fijians is not the be-all or end-all of life, let alone of the complex code of their social behavior.

NOA NAWALOWALO

Suva, Fiji Islands

Op Portunite

SIR: VOTRE ARTICLE, "OP ART" [Oct. 23], N'EST PAS SEULEMENT OPPORTUNISTE, MAIS DÉCEVANT.

JÉSUS RAPHAEL SOTO

PARIS

SIR: REMPLACER LE MOT DÉCEVANT PAR MALHONNÊTE.

JÉSUS RAPHAEL SOTO

PARIS

Sir: After reading your treatment of op art, I decided that your magazine is the only one that reports the graphic arts according to at least one of their merits: that of being truly newsworthy, a vital area of activity where weekly developments are indeed the spirit and reality. This is a distinct service and one that pays art more than a mite of its due.

ARTHUR VERGARA

Great Barrington, Mass.

The Cardinals

Sir: Sports Editor? Say something, Sports Editor! Or maybe, as you have so often done when an overpublicized, overrated New York team takes a beautiful beating

* Your article on op art is not only opportunistic but misleading. For misleading read "dishonorable."

[Oct. 23], you will say nothing, nothing at all. On your next vacation, you should have your Manhattan myopia mended. We Western bush people do not really "hate" the New York Yankees but we do resent unsportsmanlike distortion by New York-oriented national news media.

RICHARD STEELE

Cleveland

Editing Adams

Sir: Needless to say, I was greatly pleased by the review devoted to *The Diary of Charles Francis Adams* [Oct. 9]. Your reviewer did a beautiful job in pointing out how this Adams differed from the two Adams Presidents. Much of the value the reader will find in the *Diary* is due to the extraordinarily fine work of the two editors, Professor David Donald and Mrs. Aida DiPace Donald.

THOMAS J. WILSON

Harvard University Press
Cambridge, Mass.

Slogans That Hurt

Sir: Even S. I. Hayakawa would agree that slogans [Oct. 16] best fulfill their functions when accurately stated. "Every litter bit hurts," not "helps." Thank heaven you didn't misquote Goldwater's slogan!

S. LEIGH RAYMOND

New York City

If It's a Speckled Molly It Isn't Esther Williams

Sir: You refer to "a tank filled with swimming goldfish [Oct. 16]." Any ichthyologist will immediately notice that very few are goldfish. Your tank consists of: *Pterophyllon scalare* (angelfish), genus tetra (black tetra), *Gonodoras* (Amazon catfish), speckled Molliies, and what seem to be Australian rainbow fish. Please note that merely because it swims, something need not necessarily be a goldfish (e.g., Esther Williams).

KARL DAVIS

New York City

Nobel Winner

Sir: You failed to complete the list of Americans who have been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Linus Pauling was awarded the 1962 prize.

MAY B. SHOCKLEY

Menlo Park, Calif.

De Sigh fur Dis, If Fee Sybil

Sir: I enjoyed your puny commend about *99 Bristol Court* (Awk. 1, 6). Your write that "it fuzzi not fairly fairy us." Limitation is the highest form of implemet—even in re-Jovce-ing. As the "dead king" once said: "Nobirday aviar soar anywinge to eagle it."

WILLIAM J. WISEMAN JR.

Davidson, N.C.

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He might get his hands dirty emptying an ashtray. Or washing a Ford. But he'll move up. City manager. Regional manager. President. (Our president knows of this ad.)

We might be asking too much from the kind of young man our colleges are turning out these days.

But we'd like to hire one.

Maybe two if we thought we could find them.

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light Scotch...



taste
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pleasing
smooth-
ness
...and
still
don't
like it,



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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

This week THE NATION will do a state-by-state rundown on the presidential election. We will definitely assign each state either to Johnson or Goldwater.

SO began the query that went out from our Manhattan editorial offices to all TIME bureaus in the U.S. in preparation for this issue's closely viewed reading of the political temperature in each of the 50 states. At this point, forecasting the general outcome of this year's presidential election seems relatively easy. But political predictions always have their perils—particularly when they take precise rather than general aim.

In an effort to give the TIME reader the best possible advance reading on the election, correspondents in every state considered all the political indicators they could put eye, ear and mind to. We studied polls, the estimates of knowing politicians adjusted for bias, the analyses of local newsmen, the balance of factors for and against each side—and then added to all that the judgments of the TIME correspondent, researcher, writer and editor. The result is what could best be described as a knowing estimate. We will be surprised if our conclusions turn out to be exactly right for every state. But we are confident that not many of them will be wrong.

To round out our coverage of presidential election year 1964, we will print the second extra edition in TIME's history. (The first was the Election Extra of 1960.) Our next regular issue will go to press as usual on the Saturday night before election, and will be distributed on its normal schedule. Then, on election night, an augmented staff of THE NATION section will produce the 1964 Election Extra with a complete analysis of the key results in state and congressional elections, as well as an inter-

pretation of the vote for President.

This edition will go to press early in the day after election, and will bear that day's date, Nov. 4. It will be mailed to U.S. and Canadian subscribers as a bonus, and with expedited delivery we hope that it will reach most of them the day after it goes to press. It will be sold on all regular newsstands for 25¢. Readers of TIME's 500,000 copies distributed in 150 countries overseas will get the Election Extra as a supplement bound into the following regular issue, dated Nov. 13. The problems of international mail delivery schedules being what they are, it is not practical to attempt to send the Extra abroad ahead of the next edition.

GUIDANCE from the editors has already gone out to our correspondents on what and how they are to report on election night. One bit of counsel to them that may seem strange: in most cases don't bother to tell us who's winning where. We expect to get that information on all major races from the press-service copy and other general sources. TIME correspondents will concentrate on adding depth and breadth to the general reporting—why the results took the various turns they did, how they were taken by politicians and people, what they mean, the reasons in retrospect for the surprises that are sure to occur, the human reactions of winners and losers.

The correspondents' reports will flow throughout the night on our leased-wire network to New York, where the staff of researchers, writers and editors—armed with a store of background knowledge—will analyze what the voters have wrought. At the same time, of course, work will be going forward for our next regular issue. It will be an interesting and exciting week for us—and we trust that we can make it so for our readers.

INDEX

Cover Story.....	30	Milestones.....	94	Show Business.....	82
Art.....	80	Modern Living.....	60	Sport.....	57
Books.....	112	Musical.....	73	Theater.....	79
Cinema.....	106	The Nation.....	27	Time Listings.....	13
The Hemisphere.....	50	People.....	52	U.S. Business.....	97
The Law.....	88	Press.....	92	The World.....	36
Letters.....	19	Religion.....	74	World Business.....	103
Medicine.....	68	Science.....	66		



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TIME, OCTOBER 30, 1964

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

October 30, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 18

THE NATION

POLITICS

Most Disappointing

The 1964 presidential campaign has been one of the most disappointing ever. It was going to be a confrontation between opposing philosophies; it turned out to be a wrestling match between volatile personalities. It was going to prove the vital difference between two strong political parties; it has merely shown that one, the G.O.P., is in need of great repair. It was going to pit liberal against conservative; but Lyndon Johnson has stated very few liberal tenets, and many an American conservative now doubts that Barry Goldwater really speaks his language. It was not going to be a "me too" campaign; it has turned out to be one in which the principals largely shout "You're another."

Bombshells. To be sure, Goldwater began with a disadvantage. He had to run against peace, prosperity and an incumbent President who, many thought, probably deserved a full term of his own. Thus, from the very start, Goldwater was told by the pollsters that he had little chance of winning. He obviously felt that he would have to drop bombshells if he were to make a decent showing. Bombshells he dropped—and some exploded in his face.

His imprecise use of the language often made it difficult to know just where he stood, as did his offhand treatment of serious subjects. It also laid him open to misinterpretation. Is Goldwater really anxious to plunge the world into nuclear war? Of course not.

But millions of voters wondered. Time after time—on nuclear policy, farm subsidies, civil rights, TVA and social security—he seemed to take a firm stand, backed away, then complained bitterly about having been misquoted. More important, he made almost no major speech calculated to win him any new votes beyond those of the diarch, pre-San Francisco Goldwaterites.

But if Goldwater logged up the campaign, Johnson filled it with pettifoggery. Confident of victory, he had a ready-made opportunity to set forth national policies and win a mandate for them. But he put off any action that might possibly prove embarrassing until after Nov. 3, and talked about urgent matters only in generalities. He failed to deliver on his own pre-campaign pledge to furnish a blueprint for "the Great Society." He preferred to point his finger at church steeples and cry of his critics: "God forgive them, for they really know not what they do."

Bestsellers. Thus, what the campaign has really come down to is a back-alley fight featuring such pejorative words and phrases as "liar," "demagogue," "socialist," "irresponsible," "reckless," "soft on Communism," and "fascist." Scurrilous paperback books about both candidates have become bestsellers. Vicious television commercials have depicted Goldwater as a man willing to sprinkle a little girl's ice cream with cancer-causing strontium 90.

Last week Republicans were ready to put on national TV a 30-minute film dramatizing the "immorality issue." It was replete with stripteasing



"WE DON'T SLING MUD ANY MORE. WE PUT IT IN PAPERBACKS!"

babes, wild Twisters, Negro riots, long shots and closeups of Bobby Baker and Billie Sol Estes—interlaced with shots of a black Lincoln Continental limousine careening madly along country roads, with beer cans being tossed out of the driver's window. The supposed identity of the driver? His initials might rhyme with "all the way."

The film was not shown because, when Goldwater saw it for the first time, he strongly objected to its emphasis on Negro demonstrators. "This," he snapped, "is a racist film."

The campaign began sterile and never changed for the better. There now seems little doubt that Johnson will win easily. But it has already been firmly established as an anti-Goldwater rather than a pro-Johnson campaign. Some voters likely will stay home or will cast their ballots only for state and local candidates. That fact was already indicated in Maine, which has begun opening its absentee ballots and has discovered that many voters declined to vote for either Johnson or Goldwater.

THE CANDIDATES

Top Man's Tones

President Johnson has above all been his own best cheerleader. "Get in your cars and come to the speakin'," he implores the street-side crowds that flock to see him. "You don't have to dress. Just bring your children and dogs, anything you have with you. It won't take long. You'll be back in time to put



"WHO ELSE YOU GOT?"

the kids to bed." He invites everybody to the Inauguration. He tells them to "put this in your noggin." When hecklers jeered him last week, Lyndon said, "Now you folks come on and be happy, come on and be happy!"

Buster Browns & the Pedernales. He is the master of the homily. In St. Louis he drawled: "I do want you to know, since I was a little boy that went to the post office in a general store the first time and put on my first pair of Buster Brown shoes that were made here in St. Louis, I have always had great faith in the people of Missouri. I know they are going to do their duty, and I know when they do their duty on November the third that I am going to get a teler ne call down at my little ranch on the banks of the Pedernales saying, 'Everything went all right in St. Louis and Missouri today.'"

There are, of course, the statesmanly moments. Eschewing eyeglasses, Lyndon put on contact lenses and, in a toneless, reflective television appearance, told the country that the events in Com-

munist China and Moscow were "large and full of meaning," but "they do not change our basic policy." Later in the week, he told newsmen that "divisions and suspicions among our people will only open the doors for those adversaries who seek to divide us and to weaken our leadership. There must be no misunderstanding of America's purpose and there must be no miscalculation of America's will."

Economy-Size Aspirin. Johnson also talks about "these people"—meaning Goldwater & Co. Said he in Akron: "We must constantly be deliberate, prudent and restrained. Before we shoot from the hip, as Mr. Rayburn, the great political leader, used to say, the three most important words in the English language for everyone are 'Just a minute.'" From the way "these people" talk, the President declared in southern Illinois, "all that we need to do is to snap our fingers and ancient disputes that have gone on for centuries will be instantly settled. Well, I wish there was some giant economy-size aspirin tablet

that would work on international headaches. But there just isn't."

It was precisely because of "these people," said Johnson, that many Republicans are going to vote Democratic. "It is not backlash," he said. "That is gone. It is not frontlash. It is the smearlash. Because when people get desperate they get dangerous, and when they get dangerous they are not cautious. And when they get to fearing and doubting and smearing—why, even some of their own people don't want to go along with them."

Communism & Corruption

According to close associates, Barry Goldwater had become almost fatalistic about the outcome of the election. "If they don't want us," he said, "they don't have to take us."

But, as the campaign neared its close, he still thought he might have two issues that were worth plugging away on: Communism and corruption.

Although the overthrow of Nikita Khrushchev and explosion of a nuclear

HOW THE STATES WILL GO

A state-by-state presidential countdown, as reported by TIME correspondents ten days before election.

Alabama (10 electoral votes): Lyndon Johnson's name is not even on the ballot. A cinch for Goldwater.

Alaska (3): The state's economy is based on federal spending, and Alaskans are banking on help from Washington to rebuild after last March's earthquake. Given Goldwater's dim view of big federal spending, a Johnson victory.

Arizona (5): Registered Democrats outnumber Republicans 325,000 to 180,000, and Goldwater will need help from a strong state ticket to carry his own state.

Arkansas (6): The state G.O.P. organization is run by gubernatorial Candidate Winthrop Rockefeller, who scrupulously avoids mentioning Barry's name in public. There is strong segregationist sentiment, but Johnson is narrowly favored.

California (40): Despite saturation TV exposure and hordes of tireless volunteer workers, polls show that Goldwater is way behind. Democrats have signed up seven new voters for every three newly-registered Republicans, now hold a 3-to-2 lead in total registration, for Lyndon.

Colorado (6): This was solid Goldwater country until the campaign began in earnest. Then a split in the state G.O.P. and Barry's speeches on social security and nuclear control softened it up for Johnson, who now leads.

Connecticut (8): A landslide for Johnson.

Delaware (3): Easily Lyndon's.

District of Columbia (3): With a 50% Negro vote, Johnson is an overwhelming favorite to win when Washington residents cast their first presidential ballot.

Florida (14): Goldwater looked like an easy winner. Then he criticized social security in a state full of retired people, derided the moon race despite heavy U.S. space-spending in Florida. Democratic Senator Spessard Holland, up for re-election, is working hard for Johnson. That, plus a 283,000 Negro registration, up 115,000 from 1960, should give L.B.J. a slim lead.

Georgia (12): The Jenkins case cut hard in Georgia. Still, the state Democratic organization has performed well for Johnson, and Georgia has never failed to go Democratic. Unless too many apathetic voters stay home, Johnson should eke out a win.

Hawaii (4): A tidal wave for L.B.J.

Idaho (4): The G.O.P. is split, and a great deal of normally Republican business and newspaper support has come to Johnson, who has a slight edge.

Illinois (26): Goldwater named Illinois as a state he had to have "to win this thing," but his campaign, hurt by his stances on farm supports and nuclear control, has steadily deteriorated, and some observers now place Johnson's margin at more than 500,000, which could spell disaster for Republican gubernatorial Candidate Charles Percy.

Indiana (13): This is Peggy Goldwater's home state, and it is usually staunchly Republican in presidential elections. But Goldwater, hindered by a sparkless G.O.P. organization and by his own campaign, now seems to be trailing in a tight race.

Iowa (9): Farmers fear Goldwater's farm policy; old folks don't like his views on social security. Johnson is well ahead.

Kansas (7): Another Republican stronghold now leaning to Lyndon.

Kentucky (9): Civil rights is the big issue, and a heavy backlash vote could throw it to Barry. But Goldwater's TVA stand hurts him in western Kentucky, and Johnson's anti-poverty program is popular, giving Lyndon a minuscule lead.

Louisiana (10): Barry has been slipping, but the big segregationist vote north of New Orleans should put him over.

Maine (4): The Jenkins case could still hurt Johnson. But Lyndon holds a meager lead, thanks to popular Democratic Senator Edmund Muskie's re-election campaign and Republican Senator Margaret Chase Smith's tepid backing of Barry.

Maryland (10): An inept campaign and bitter animosity from strong minority groups make Barry's cause hopeless.

Massachusetts (14): For Lyndon.

Michigan (21): Such diverse types as Republican Henry Ford II, Democrat Walter Reuther, and Independent Jimmy Hoffa are for Lyndon. G.O.P. Governor George Romney ignores Goldwater whenever he can. Backlash among the state's powerful Polish bloc might have helped Goldwater, but he lost the bloc this month when he denounced "minority pressure groups." Easy win for Johnson.

Minnesota (10): Even without Hubert Humphrey, all the way with L.B.J.

Mississippi (7): Barry's anti-civil rights vote makes him an all but certain winner.

device by the Communist Chinese were undoubtedly the sort of events that would work toward the election of Lyndon Johnson, if only because he is an incumbent President and therefore more experienced, Barry took to the attack anyway.

Simplistic Sense. His televised appearance sometimes seemed like A Child's Garden of Communism: as he talked about the new Russian B. & K. team—Brezhnev and Kosygin—the screen flashed pictures of the pair that must have been at least 20 years old and looked like something out of a police line-up.

But on paper, Goldwater's speech made some sort of simplistic sense. "The foreign policy of the present Administration—based on a belief that there are 'good' and 'bad' Communists—has been an utter failure," he said. "It has failed to halt the march of Communism and the testing of nuclear weapons and the spread of nuclear power through the Communist world. This policy, if I may call it that, has

instead helped the Communist world through a time of trouble and allowed it to emerge as a greater threat than ever to the freedom of the West."

The new Russian leaders, charged Barry, are doubly dangerous to the U.S. in their apparent determination to patch up differences with Red China. Said he: "This Administration once faced an enemy plagued with disunity and trouble, and it followed a policy that brought back unity and greater strength." In Pikesville, Md., Goldwater cried: "We bailed our Communist enemy out of a serious economic crisis with that wheat deal and with our aid. Instead of letting the Soviet Union and the Communist world stew in their own trouble, we actually bailed them out."

"And? And? And?" But Goldwater still believes that national "immorality" under a Democratic administration is his hottest issue. At the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, he lambasted Democrats as the "party of the fast buck and the slow investigation." In Pikesville, he told a thousand \$100-

a-plate diners: "To the temporary President, running a country means twisting arms and banging heads together. It means buying and bludgeoning voters. It means getting a TV monopoly in his home state and building a private fortune. It means surrounding himself with companions like Bobby Baker, Billie Sol Estes, Matt McCloskey . . ." At that point, Barry paused; the audience, fully expecting to hear the name of Walter Jenkins, shouted, "And? And? And?" But Barry finished his sentence, ". . . and other interesting men."

Finally, in Southern California, Goldwater mentioned Jenkins by name, tearing into the Administration for "careless disregard of security procedures which is so obviously indicated by the Jenkins case." Said the Republican candidate: "The issue of national security and national integrity now has become firmly embedded in this election campaign. The man who now occupies the White House raised this issue all by himself by lowering the standards of the highest office in the land."

Missouri (12): Kennedy carried the state by just under 10,000 votes in 1960. Johnson will do much better.

Montana (4): Labor is big for Lyndon, and Barry's federal budget-cutting promises have soured many in Montana, where U.S. cash for military payrolls and developing natural resources is an economic cornerstone. L.B.J.

Nebraska (5): Republican Nebraska gave Nixon his biggest margin (62.1%) in 1960, but registration figures indicate Johnson will win Douglas County (Omaha) by 20,000, hold on in the rest of the state, a Nixon speaking trip last week helped Goldwater, but probably not enough.

Nevada (3): Lyndon is odds-on with the smart money.

New Hampshire (4): Republicans outnumber Democrats 5 to 3, but because of his statements on social security, Barry canceled out much of that advantage. Johnson, riding the coattails of popular Democratic Governor John King, rates a fragile favorite.

New Jersey (17): A big win for Johnson.

New Mexico (4): Texas Neighbor Johnson over Arizona Neighbor Goldwater.

New York (43): State Republican candidates are running away from Goldwater, not with him. Lyndon by a million, and perhaps much more.

North Carolina (13): Goldwater's farm views helped kill his early lead. Johnson is a slight favorite.

North Dakota (4): The G.O.P. is bitterly split over Goldwater. Johnson, in a close one.

Ohio (26): Republican Chairman Ray Bliss has a strong machine working for Goldwater, while the Democratic organization is woefully weak. But not

even the presence of young Bob Taft on the Republican ticket will prevent Johnson from carrying Ohio comfortably.

Oklahoma (8): Democrats are united and working hard for Johnson. Oklahomans are skittish about Barry and the bomb and—shades of 1960—about Bill Miller's Catholicism. Goldwater would have to win big in Tulsa to have a chance; indications are he is merely leading there. For Johnson.

Oregon (6): With only cool campaign support from Republican Governor Mark Hatfield, keynote speaker at the G.O.P. convention, Goldwater lags behind Lyndon.

Pennsylvania (29): Republican Governor Bill Scranton is loyally working for Goldwater, but concentrates most of his energy on retaining G.O.P. control of the legislature. Voter apathy could diminish Johnson's total, but Goldwater isn't even close.

Rhode Island (4): A sweeping A.F.L.-C.I.O. get-out-the-vote drive will help Johnson carry Rhode Island easily.

South Carolina (8): Barry's farm views hurt him almost as much as his civil rights view helps. But hard-working Republicans are likely to get out a higher percentage of voters than the Democrats. Goldwater by an inch.

South Dakota (4): This is a strongly Republican state, the Jenkins case has hurt Johnson, and Republican Senator Karl Mundt is going all out for Goldwater. But polls show Johnson with 56% of the votes, and he will probably win.

Tennessee (11): TVA is not for sale. Johnson comfortably.

Texas (25): The L.B.J. brand won't rub off. Indelibly Johnson.

Utah (4): The morality issue could move some Mormons back to Barry, but Johnson is in front.

Vermont (3): The state has always voted Republican in presidential elections, and the habit may be unbreakable. But habit is about all Goldwater has going for him, and Johnson is narrowly favored.

Virginia (12): As usual, Democratic Senator Harry Byrd is sitting this one out. Abolition of the poll tax has resulted in nearly 100,000 new names being added to the registration rolls, most of them Negroes. Nearly all of them will cast their votes for Lyndon Johnson, making him a precarious favorite.

Washington (9): Buoyed a bit by the coattails of attractive G.O.P. gubernatorial Candidate Daniel Evans and favored by normally Democratic wheat farmers who dislike federal farm controls, Goldwater has a chance. But most city voters, including many Republicans, like Lyndon, and he is ahead.

West Virginia (7): The New Deal was ideal 30 years ago, and Lyndon's deal sounds just as good. Big for L.B.J.

Wisconsin (12): In heavily Democratic Milwaukee, registration is down, and the unpredictable backlash vote could give Goldwater a boost. Democratic Governor John Reynolds is in trouble too. But Johnson is strong in usually Republican rural areas because of Barry's farm policy and Hubert Humphrey's popularity. A close one, but Lyndon leads.

Wyoming (3): Barry had it sewed up when he started, but it is rapidly becoming unstitched. Still Goldwater, by the thinnest margin.

There are 538 electoral votes, and it takes 270 to win. If these findings hold firm through Nov. 3, Lyndon Johnson will beat Barry Goldwater by 495 electoral votes to 43.



KEATING & JAVITS ON PARADE

Who else wants to make Columbus Day a national holiday?

NEW YORK

How Long Are the Coattails?

(See Cover)

The candidate forlornly scanned the quiet streets of Watertown, spotted a few homebound workers strolling out of the New York Air Brake Co., and practically broke into a gallop as he headed their way. His smile crinkled, his blue eyes twinkled, and his right hand shot out. One worker nearly got by, and the candidate went after him like a middle linebacker. "Pretty near missed you," he cried. Another worker poked his head out the door and asked, "Is Kennedy here?" Somchow, Kenneth Barnard Keating, 64, Republican Senator from New York, managed not to wince.

Keating has had plenty of practice at restraining wincing during the past few weeks. A veteran of twelve years in the House and six in the Senate, he is a respected public servant with a record anybody but a reactionary can admire. Under ordinary circumstances he would be considered a near certainty for reelection. But this year's circumstances are far from ordinary.

For one thing, Keating's opponent is a Kennedy—Robert Francis, 38, recently resigned as U.S. Attorney General. Bobby plays heavily on the family name, constantly evokes the memory of his older brother, has even taken John F. Kennedy Jr. ("John-John"), 3, campaigning. Such is the Kennedy charisma that Bobby has been mobbed wherever he has gone, while Keating has had to beat the bushes for audiences.

Adding to Keating's difficulty is the fact that New York Democrats enjoy a huge registration edge—normally upwards of half a million—over Republicans. And likely to siphon 150,000 or more votes away from Keating is Hen-

ry Paolucci, 43, a history and political science teacher at New Rochelle's Iona College, who will appear on the ballot as the candidate of the Conservative Party, which is angry at Keating for his refusal to endorse Barry Goldwater.

Confirmed Splitters. Goldwater, in fact, is Keating's heaviest burden. With a record 8,500,000 voters on the rolls this year, Johnson is expected to win the state by somewhere between 750,000 and 2,000,000. It is taken for granted that Bobby will run far, far behind Johnson on the Democratic ticket, but for Keating to have a chance it will require ticket splitting of heroic and historic proportions. In this, Ken Keating finds himself in the same dilemma as Republican candidates in a score of other states. For as Election Year 1964 nears its end, the big political question is less whether Barry will win or lose than how many Republicans he will drag to defeat.

Fortunately for Keating, New Yorkers are confirmed ticket splitters, as Republican Senator Jacob Javits, the state's best vote getter and a staunch Keating ally, proved in 1962 when he was re-elected by 983,000 votes while Democrat Arthur Levitt, running for comptroller, was re-elected by 791,000—a split of 1,774,000. New York, in fact, makes it impossible to vote a straight ticket by pulling a single lever in a voting booth or marking a single X on a paper ballot to choose all candidates, instead requires that voters indicate each choice separately. So do 22 other states.^{*} That makes coattail riding dif-

^{*} Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Hawaii, Idaho, Kansas, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Tennessee, Virginia, Washington and Wyoming.

ficult, could mean the difference, for example, to Republican Senatorial Candidates Robert A. Taft in Ohio and George Murphy in California.

Even among the 20 states where a voter can pick everyone from President to dogcatcher with a single X or one tug on a lever,^{*} several boast long ticket-splitting traditions. In Michigan, Democratic Governor "Soapy" Williams was re-elected by 290,000 votes in 1956 while Ike carried the state by more than 350,000; this year that tradition bodes well for Republican Governor George Romney. Pennsylvania's voters elected Republican Bill Scranton Governor by 486,291 votes in 1962 but also re-elected liberal Democratic Senator Joe Clark by 103,734; hard-pressed Republican Senator Hugh Scott hopes that there will be as much ticket splitting this election.

Born Politician. In New York, the man faced with the formidable task of persuading hordes of voters to split their ticket is one of the friendliest men in U.S. political life. An inveterate joiner, Ken Keating is a Moose, Eagle, Elk, Shriner, 33rd-Degree Mason, Kiwanian, Legionnaire, Veteran of Foreign Wars and, through his mother's side of the family, a Son of the American Revolution. At 5 ft. 9½ in. and 165 lbs., Keating looks every inch a Senator. His magnificent mane of white hair is the most convincing symbol of senatorial dignity since Borah's stately mien. That, together with his ruddy complexion, cultivated under a sun lamp, gives him a kindly, grandfatherly air. He is, in fact, the doting grandfather of the children of his daughter, Mrs. Judith Howe, who lives in Manhattan. Keating's wife, an invalid since 1949 with multiple sclerosis, lives in Rochester.

Just barely a man of this century, Keating was born May 18, 1900, in the upstate hamlet of Lima, near Rochester. His family followed politics closely. "Grandmother Barnard was 99½ when she died in her rocking chair," he says. "She was reading about politics in the paper."

Give the Boy a Chance. His mother, an intense, scholarly high school language teacher, taught Ken to read at three. At 15, he graduated from Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, won \$15 on commencement day for an oration titled, "Give the Boy a Chance." He made Phi Beta Kappa at the University of Rochester, taught high school Latin for a year after graduating at 19, then got a law degree at Harvard and

^{*} Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Michigan, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Texas, Utah and West Virginia. There are also seven states where ballots have a separate section for the presidential election but permit the voter to choose a straight ticket for all other offices. They are Georgia, Indiana, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Vermont and Wisconsin.

launched a successful career in Rochester. He was in both World Wars, wound up a sergeant in the first and a colonel in the second, after serving as an administrative officer in the China-Burma-India theater. He is now a reserve brigadier general.

Elected to Congress in 1946, Keating lost no time establishing himself as a loquacious legislator of wide-ranging interests. With what seemed like impertinent haste to older House members, he delivered his maiden speech less than a month after his swearing-in, has rarely stopped talking since. He voted conservatively on most economic questions, but his growing interest in issues such as civil rights, immigration and Israel marked him as a man who seemed to be aiming for higher office.

A New Equation. But when his chance to run for the Senate came in 1958, he was reluctant to take it. The U.S. was in the midst of a mild recession, and it looked like a big Democratic year. He entered the race a distinct underdog against Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan. He was helped by the usual factional row between New York's Democratic bosses and reformers, and he made devastating use of Jim Farley's scornful remark that Hogan's experience in national and international affairs "extends from the Battery to the Polo Grounds." In an upset victory, Keating squeaked in by 132,992 votes.

Before he got to the Senate, Keating used to say: "I don't like to be tagged conservative or liberal. I haven't made up my mind yet whether I'm a liberal or a conservat." Once in the Senate, he quickly made up his mind: liberal. Over the next six years Keating established a Senate roll-call record next only to that of Maine Republican Margaret Chase Smith, but still managed to hop the shuttle to New York two, three and four times a week to attend a bar mitzvah, a Negro Elks meeting, a Roman Catholic communion breakfast. He kept his face before his constituents with a regular radio-television show, *Senate Report*, carried on 36 New York stations. And he kept his name in print with his disclosures of Russian missile bases in Cuba.

All this should have made Keating a shoo-in for re-election. Then came Jack Kennedy's assassination and a whole new equation.

First All the Time. In the aftermath of the Dallas slaying, Bobby Kennedy was a shaken man, and for months afterward he moved about mechanically. But slowly the old combativeness began to return—and Bobby, seventh of the nine Kennedy children, is the most combative of the clan.

"Bobby Kennedy," said Dave Powers, White House courtier in Jack's Administration, "has to be first all the time." That goes for everything, from a pickup game of touch football to managing his brother's presidential



KENNEDY & JOHN-JOHN IN THE BRONX

With care, the frosting could just become the cake.

race. When he played touch football, his daughter Kathleen, now 13, would occasionally show up with her friends to cheer:

*Clap your hands and stamp your feet
'Cause Daddy's team, Daddy's team,
can't be beat.*

Last spring, when the first feelers were put out to him about the New York Senate race, Bobby seemed uninterested. "All things being equal," he said, "it would be better for a citizen of New York to run." In fact, Bobby had set his sights on the vice-presidency. But he was kidding himself. For one thing, he and Lyndon have always been able to restrain their enthusiasm for one another, and anyhow, Johnson, who understandably wants to be known for his own achievements, had pointedly advised longtime Kennedy Aide Kenny O'Donnell only one month after Dallas: "I'll never have a Kennedy on the ticket."

U.S. of Kennedy. Still, Bobby pursued the mirage, until Lyndon finally scratched Kennedy from the sweepstakes in late July in that strange and impulsive performance in which he simultaneously ruled out all Cabinet members and officials who met regularly with the Cabinet. Crestfallen, Bobby declared: "I don't think there is much future for me in this city now." Three weeks later, he thought he glimpsed a bearable future in New York, and he jumped into the Senate race. "If the Democratic Party could have agreed on any other candidate," said he, "I wouldn't have come in. But there wasn't any agreement."

Bobby's move provoked inevitable cries of "carpetbagger." Despite his protests that he had spent more time in New York than anywhere else, Bobby was Massachusetts-born and -oriented, and a resident of Virginia besides. But

he knew where the power was, quickly lined up New York's Democratic bosses behind him, notably Buffalo's Peter Crotty, Brooklyn's Stanley Steingut, and Charlie Buckley of The Bronx. New York's Mayor Robert Wagner, reluctantly, also fell into line.

Many Democrats recoiled. "The political arm twisting has been the worst I've ever seen," said Ulica's Richard H. Balch, onetime Democratic state chairman. Noting that Bobby's allies were running in three other states—Pierre Salinger in California, Teddy Kennedy in Massachusetts, and Joseph Tydings, who was a U.S. Attorney under Kennedy, in Maryland—with a total of 64 electoral votes among them on top of New York's 43, one Democrat cried: "It will be a United States of Kennedy."

In a meeting with Mayor Wagner, a group of reformers protested: "Bobby Kennedy is a ruthless, unprincipled, frighteningly ambitious young man who intends to use the New York State Democratic Party to launch his presidential ambitions." Later, 120 reformers, including Playwright Gore (*The Best Man*) Vidal, Niagara Falls Mayor E. Dent Lackey and Actor Paul Newman, established a noisy Democrats for Keating Committee. Bobby viewed the reformers with the professional's habitual scorn for the idealistic amateur. "These people hate everything and everybody, even each other," he snapped.

Screamers & Jumpers. In early September, at a sweaty, tumultuous Democratic convention in the musty 71st Regiment Armory on Manhattan's lower Park Avenue, Kennedy steamrolled Upstate Congressman Sam Stratton, his only rival, 968 to 153. He won the Liberal Party's endorsement the same day. Aware that the Liberals delivered 406,000 votes to Jack Kennedy in 1960



KEATING FOREST IN ISRAEL
Like bagels and lox.

—more than J.F.K.'s 380,000-vote statewide margin of victory—Bobby welcomed their support.

The first days of his campaign were a wild triumphal march. He was swamped on Long Island's beaches by hundreds of thousands of Labor Day weekend bathers. In a three-day swing around "the Southern Tier," he made 51 stops in 21 cities, got such an overwhelming reception that people began to talk about "poor old Ken." In Watertown, he outdrew Keating 45 to 1. In Ogdensburg, where Keating spoke to a lonely knot of 24 listeners, Bobby drew 2,000. In Jamestown, where G.O.P. Vice-Presidential Candidate Bill Miller had a crowd of 250, Bobby lured 4,000. In Glens Falls, Bobby arrived just before 1 a.m., still found 4,000 people, more than one-fifth of the populace, waiting for him, many in nightclothes. "I still have problems in this state," said Bobby, "but at least I'm getting a hearing."

"Outrageous." But was he? People were seeing him, but the crowds did more hollering than listening, and they were young crowds to boot. "If I had my way," Bobby told the teen-agers, who thronged him at every stop, "I'd lower the voting age to six—before the election."

While Bobby was making what Keating called a "blatant emotional appeal to the teen-age screamers and jumpers," the G.O.P. was mounting a well-financed campaign with headquarters on the fifth floor of 521 Fifth Avenue—one flight above the Goldwater-Miller operation but totally divorced from it.

Former Attorney General Herbert Brownell, who steered Tom Dewey to prominence and helped catapult Ike into the presidency, emerged from seven years of political retirement to run Keating's campaign. "This thing got me sore," he said. "If Kennedy is elected, it will establish that a rich man can come

in, make a deal with bosses, and change our whole constitutional system. H. L. Hunt could go in and run in some Rocky Mountain state. Governor Wallace could run where he pleased. This is outrageous."

Patently, Keating and his crew worked on the racial and religious minority groups that make a majority of New York's votes. No state has quite the complicated ethnic mix that New York has, and Ken Keating, with 18 years of experience, knows almost instinctively what each of the groups wants. A more adventurous gastronome than Bobby, he sampled kosher hot dogs, pickles, and cheese blintzes during a walking tour of the predominantly Jewish Lower East Side. Keating is a familiar figure there, and one sign that greeted him read: KEATING AND ISRAEL GO TOGETHER LIKE BAGELS AND LOX. In that same district, Bobby spurned the ethnic diet, chose melon, split-pea soup and chocolate milk. In lower Manhattan's "Little Italy," he asked for a fork when someone offered him a slice of pizza. "You don't need a fork," he was gently advised.

Winning Formula. To his dismay, Kennedy found himself running poorly among New York's 2,500,000 Jews, who gave nearly 90% of their votes to his brother in 1960, and its 1,500,000 Italians. Keating's managers talk of getting half of the Jewish vote, two-fifths of the Italian vote—and that, combined with normal G.O.P. majorities upstate and in the suburbs, would be a winning formula.

Kennedy's troubles with the Jews stemmed from the days when his father, Joseph Kennedy, while Ambassador to Britain, delivered too-vigorous warnings against going to war with Nazi Germany and a too-gentle appraisal of Hitler. Jack overcame their distrust, but Bobby seemed more like his father's

son. And Bobby's onetime association with Senator Joseph McCarthy's investigating committee and his seeming indifference to the fine points of civil liberties roused further suspicions.

Playing on these suspicions, Keating charged that Kennedy, while Attorney General, had made a "deal" to sell off part of the Government-held General Aniline & Film Corp.'s assets to a Swiss holding company that was once run by Germany's I. G. Farben, a notorious exploiter of Jewish slave labor. Keating had proposed selling the assets—some \$200 million worth—exclusively to private U.S. interests, but made no protest when the deal was announced in 1963.

Lurid Tales. Jewish liberals began channeling their contributions to the Johnson-Humphrey campaign and the Keating campaign, shutting Bobby out. To finance his \$1,500,000 campaign, Bobby is probably dipping deep into his personal \$10 million fortune.

Among the Italian-Americans, Keating made inroads by playing on their resentment of the Justice Department's Valachi hearings, in which lurid tales of hoodlums with Italian names were told to the American public. Keating also nailed down the Greek vote by condemning Turkey's actions in Cyprus. There are only 31,000 Turks in New York, but there are 77,000 Greeks.

Still, Bobby stands high with other ethnic groups: the Germans (675,000 strong in New York), the Irish (492,000) and the Poles (685,000). He has paid particular attention to the state's 2,000,000 Negroes and Puerto Ricans, traditionally Democratic and overwhelmingly anti-Goldwater. At the urging of Kennedy headquarters, New York City Democrats mailed out nearly 4,000,000 pieces of mail, made thou-



BOBBY & JOE IN FRANCE (1959)
Like Dad, only more so.

sands of phone calls to encourage new voters to register. The result: a city registration record of 3,636,634. For a Democrat, who normally needs a cushion of up to 700,000 votes in the city if he is to have a prayer of winning the state, that was good news. Said one Kennedy aide: "These new Negro and Puerto Rican votes were expected to be the frosting. But now they're turning into the whole cake."

Each candidate righteously deplored the other's exploitation of the ethnic vote, then went right on cultivating it himself. "I do not campaign in search of a Jewish vote or a Catholic vote or a Negro vote," said Bobby. But there he was, wearing a yamlike (skullcap) for a chat with a rabbi. And there he was at Grossinger's, assuring an audience that his father, in his Hollywood days, was so impressed at how Jewish moviemakers like the Warner brothers and Sam Goldwyn raised their children that "he decided to bring his own up that way." In turn, Keating complained about Bobby's "constant talk about the Jewish vote, the Italian vote, the this-that-or-the-other vote. I don't believe there is such a thing as bloc voting in this state." Not much. Keating has a 50-acre forest in Israel named after him, and he is the darling of the Italian-Americans for proposing to make Columbus Day a national holiday.

Tarrytown Cigarettes? Ethnic asides, there are few issues between Keating and Kennedy. Each claims to be more liberal than the other; yet both are moderates with similar positions on most issues. The chief difference is that Keating might be more hesitant than Bobby about committing federal funds for a vast array of projects. And when Bobby starts talking grandly about huge transportation and air-pollution-control projects for the whole Eastern seaboard, Opponent Keating chuckles: "I can't figure out whether he thinks he's running for President of the United States or is looking for some kind of new federal job like High Commissioner of the Northeast."

Bobby's big pitch is that he can do more for New York, that Keating has been an uncreative legislator. "Name me a Keating bill," he cries. "What legislation has he introduced?" For his part, Keating hammers ceaselessly at the carpetbagger theme. In mock astonishment, he declares: "Why, there are people who have been standing in line at the World's Fair longer than he has been living in New York." Or: "Why, Bobby thinks the Gowanus Canal is part of the lower intestinal tract." Or: "He thinks Tarrytown is a new brand of cigarette."

When Bobby tries to refute the charge by noting that one of New York's first Senators was a Massachusetts man named Rufus King, Keating beams mischievously. "It was a girl, not politics, that brought Rufus King to New York," he says. "He came here to live with his

bride, a resident of New York." And while Bobby has leased a 25-room Dutch colonial house in Glen Cove, L.I., Ethel, who is expecting her ninth child in December, still spends most of her time in Virginia with the eight Kennedy kids.

There is also the lingering suspicion that Bobby hopes to use the New York Senate seat only as a springboard to the White House someday. He denies this, but he certainly doesn't slam the door. "Truthfully, now," he says, "I can't go any place in 1968. We've got President Johnson, and I think he's going to be re-elected in 1968. Now we get to 1972. I'm going to have to be re-elected in six years. I'm going to have to do a tremendous job for the State of New York. If I have done such an outstanding job that people just demand all over the country that I be a presidential candidate, I don't see how New York suffers."

If Ken Keating has anything to say about it, New York will not have to take that chance. And Keating just might have something to say about it—for he is running nip and tuck in a race that will be decided not so much by Bobby's popularity as by the length of Lyndon's coattails.

ISSUES

Backdown on the Farm

At the outset of his presidential campaign, Barry Goldwater figured that the best way to handle the farm issue would be to ignore it. After all, he had already set down his views in *Conscience of a Conservative*, where he advocated "prompt and final termination of the farm subsidy program." Barry thought he would just stand or fall with that. As it turned out, he is falling.

The U.S. farm program has, of course, long been a national scandal, but no one yet has come up with a workable, politically viable solution. Farmers themselves are fond of talking about free enterprise—but they are even fonder of collecting subsidy checks, and they show their proclivities at the polls.

One who realized the danger signals early was Nebraska's Republican Senator Carl Curtis, himself a farmer's son. Soon after the campaign began, Curtis implored Goldwater to spell out his farm views. Barry simply issued a re-hashed version of the G.O.P. platform's farm plank. Getting frantic, North Dakota's Senator Milton Young and South Dakota's Senator Karl Mundt insisted that Goldwater draft at least one major farm-policy statement, for delivery Sept. 19, at the National Plowing Contest near Casselton, N. Dak. Goldwater showed up and spoke, but said little of substantial value; Young, who had seen an advance text, refused to sit on the platform with Goldwater, has since declined to campaign for him.

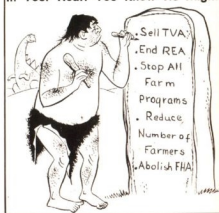
Finally, sensing that he could no longer afford to let *Conscience* be his guide,

Barry began backing away. On a whistle-stop trip through Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, Goldwater told audiences that while he was sticking by his guns on ending price supports, he knew that it had to be done gradually.

Such assurances were hardly enough to allay farmers' fears, so Goldwater summoned G.O.P. leaders from eleven farm states to a secret strategy meeting at Des Moines' Municipal Airport. He listened to their views for nearly an hour. A few days later, at the National Corn-Picking Contest at Sioux Falls, S. Dak., Barry told some 20,000 farm folk: "You and I and all good Americans, we all want a free and prosperous American agriculture, with a minimum of federal controls and intervention. That is the direction in which we must move—forward, toward freedom and progress." To accomplish this, he said, price supports must go, but only after

ROCKY MOUNTAIN UNION FARMER

In Your Heart You Know He Might



A VIEW FROM THE FARM
Formula for fall.

"something better has been developed that can gradually be substituted for it." Just what that something better might be, Goldwater did not specify, but he did promise: "I will never jerk the rug from under the American farmer."

Farmers remained far from assured—and that fact is likely to cost Goldwater dearly on Election Day.

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Jenkins Report

From the FBI last week came a report of its findings in the Walter Jenkins case. The bureau said it had interviewed more than 500 persons in its crash investigation, undertaken on orders from President Johnson, and had examined the life of the former White House aide from his Texas boyhood right up to the moment he was last arrested in a Washington Y.M.C.A. washroom. But beyond a flat statement that Jenkins had not been "framed" or "entrapped" (as some of Jenkins' most powerful friends continue to insist), the FBI report said little that was not

already known (TIME, Oct. 23) or purely conjectural.

Items from the report:

► In an interview with the FBI on Oct. 18, Jenkins "admitted having engaged in the indecent acts for which he was arrested in 1959 and 1964. He claimed that he had been 'enticed' by the arresting officer on the former occasion and that his mind was befuddled by fatigue, alcohol, physical illness and lack of food the latter time."

► "Mr. Jenkins further advised that he did not recall any further indecent acts, and if he had been involved in any such acts, he would have been under the influence of alcohol and in a state of fatigue and would not remember them."

► Neither Jenkins nor Andy Choka, the U.S. Army veteran arrested with Jenkins at the Y.M.C.A. "knew the identity of the other, nor had either

ernment investigators accused the officer of "unnatural sex acts."

And, under reporters' questioning, the Pentagon admitted that Walter Jenkins' security clearance to top-secret Air Force and Defense Department information and his Atomic Energy Commission top-secret "Q" clearance have been suspended.

The FBI report was by any accounting a curious one. It seemed all the more curious in the light of an episode that took place the very day President Johnson ordered the investigation. To the George Washington University Hospital, where Walter Jenkins is confined in a room guarded by private attendants and with a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door, came a bouquet of mixed fall flowers. With it came a card signed "J. Edgar Hoover and Associates." There was some doubt about just who those "associates" might be. But there was no doubt about Hoover, who with a waiver from Johnson will continue as FBI chief after reaching the mandatory retirement age of 70 next Jan. 1.

HEROES

The Humanitarian

Of all the moments of Herbert Clark Hoover's long and illustrious life, the one best remembered was the worst.

There he was, a stolid figure in the rear of an open car, his eyes downcast, a study in dejection. He rode in dour silence to the Capitol while President-elect Franklin Roosevelt, sitting beside him, smiled that famous smile and waved to the cheering throngs.

This was Saturday, March 4, 1933, F.D.R.'s Inauguration Day—and the day after Hoover had stubbornly rejected urgent demands that he close all of the nation's banks. Only four years before, Hoover had been elected as the 31st President of the U.S., with 58.1% of the popular vote (still the third highest in history), over Democrat Al Smith. When he took office, he had well earned his position as the most respected man in America. Now, after having been overwhelmed for re-election, he was perhaps the most reviled; the phrase "Hoover's Depression" was current, and the nation's landscape was defaced by those tarpaper-shack communities known as "Hoovervilles."

Yet even while enduring such violent swings in public esteem, Hoover himself remained constant in character and principles. And by the time he died last week at 90 in his Waldorf Towers apartment in Manhattan, he ranked once again as a U.S. citizen who could truly be called revered.

"The Orge of Speculation." History's hindsight has absolved Hoover of much of the blame for the Great Depression. Indeed, he saw it coming long before he made, as one admiring biographer put it, the "most serious error of his amazing career"—that of running successfully for President.

In eight productive years as Secretary of Commerce under Presidents

Harding and Coolidge (he promoted arbitration rather than litigation in trade disputes, achieved standardization of some 3,000 industrial products, championed modernization of railroads and such huge river-control projects as Hoover Dam), Hoover repeatedly warned against "the rising boom and orgy of speculation." He complained that loose monetary policies of the Federal Reserve Board would lead to an "inevitable collapse which will bring the greatest calamities upon our farmers, our workers and legitimate business." But amid Coolidge prosperity, Hoover was denounced as "a crapehanger."

As President, Hoover utilized federal power as an instrument to support the private economy far more than any President before him. At his urging, Congress created a Federal Farm Board, backed by \$500 million in federal funds, which came to the aid of farm marketing cooperatives after the market crash. He sought \$663 million to push public works—a figure that critics decried as excessive. He proposed the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the National Credit Corporation. He secured an early agreement in which labor promised to forgo strikes and new wage demands. Big Business agreed to maintain wages and spread work to avoid layoffs. He negotiated an international moratorium on the payment of intergovernmental debts.

The Bitter Years. Yet Hoover resisted what he termed "the lure of the rosy path to every panacea." He continually preached "the part of self-reliance, independence, and steadfastness in time of trial and stress." His philosophy of limited government prevented the bold innovations that the multiple crises demanded—and in his last two years in office a Democratic House and a splintered Senate hamstringing him on even milder measures.

Hoover also had a naive and unpolitical sense of public relations. He dreaded each speech he had to make—and each speech showed it. He had the notion that everything would be all right if everyone would just grin and bear it. "What the country needs," he said, "is a good big laugh."

Yet the most ironic failure of Hoover's presidency was that the man whom General Pershing once praised as "the food regulator of the world" proved unable to prevent hunger at home. To his critics, it almost seemed that he did not care. He did, of course, and deeply. But his own fabulous success in voluntary relief work had led him to the lifelong conviction that private and local agencies could handle the job. "I am opposed to any direct or indirect Government dole," Hoover said in 1931. "The moment responsibilities of any community are shifted from any part of the nation to Washington, then that community has subjected itself to a remote bureaucracy."

Many economists saw signs of an economic upturn in Hoover's last year, but such optimism dissolved in the bit-



FBI DIRECTOR HOOVER

Say it with flowers.

gone to the basement men's room of the Y.M.C.A. by prearrangement."

► "Mr. Jenkins stated that no attempt had ever been made to compromise or blackmail him. He also told the FBI he would lay down his life before he would disclose any information that would damage the best interests of the United States."

► Neither President Kennedy, the White House staff nor Mr. Johnson had any knowledge of the 1959 incident or any reason to suspect its existence. When he assumed office as President in November, Mr. Johnson still did not know of the January 1959 arrest."

That was far from the end of the Jenkins case and its repercussions. At week's end came two new pieces of information. A story in the Chicago Tribune, belatedly confirmed by the FBI, reported that in 1961 Jenkins had "fought like the devil" to reinstate an Air Force officer who had been forced to resign his commission after being accused of making obscene phone calls to the wife of an Air Force enlisted man. The Tribune reported that after tapping the woman's phone and hearing a sampling of the conversations, Gov-

terness of the 1932 election campaign. After F.D.R.'s victory—won partly on the claim that Hoover had spent too much—Hoover remained resentful of Roosevelt's failure to speak out in the four months before his inauguration. If he had just assured desperate businessmen what his policies would be, Hoover argued, the banks could have stayed open.

Whatever the final judgment of history on Hoover's presidency may be, it is certain that he will also be remembered for his accomplishments before and after what he later called the years of "compound hell" in the White House.

The Mandarin. Hoover's early career seemed living proof of his belief that self-discipline, 18-hour workdays and cold logic could accomplish any sort of wonder. Born in a three-room cottage in West Branch, Iowa (pop. 250), within 40 years he was a world-renowned mining engineer worth some \$4,000,000.

Orphaned at eight, Hoover was reared in Iowa and Oregon by Quaker uncles, who stressed Bible reading and, recalled Hoover, "those great novels where the hero overcomes the demon rum." Hoover graduated with the first class at newly founded Stanford University, wound up working ten-hour shifts in a Nevada City mine at \$2 a night. Laid off, he experienced, in his words, "the ceaseless tramping and ceaseless refusal" of job hunting.

Hoover landed a menial job as a typist for San Francisco Mining Engineer Louis Janin, quickly won engineering assignments, impressed Janin with his ability to absorb detail and select the essentials for action. At the age of 23, he grew a beard in a vain effort to hide his youth, went to Australia to run ten gold mines for a British firm. He advised his employers to sink \$500,000 into the Gwalia gold diggings—and these mines were to turn out \$55 million worth of ore.

Hoover traveled the world as a doctor of sick mines. At 24, he was chief engineer of China's Bureau of Mines, and a living legend; he was known as "the foreign mandarin" with "green eyes" that could pierce the earth. He advised the Russian Czar on the development of his huge mine holdings, made a fortune of his own, mainly on fabulous lead, silver and zinc mines in the jungles of Burma.

But at the outbreak of World War I, Hoover declared, "Let fortune go to hell," abandoned business interests that were about to skyrocket in value, plunged into a selfless life of public service. Working in London, he helped some 120,000 Americans who were stranded in Europe without convertible currency, accepted their IOUs, and raised enough cash for the Americans to return home.

"Stunted Bodies." When Belgium was overrun by German troops, Hoover traveled to Berlin and to secret German field headquarters, let top officers believe that the U.S. might enter the war

unless they permitted him to bring in food for starving Belgians. In London and Paris, he warned the French and English of likely U.S. indignation unless they eased their blockade to facilitate such shipments. After such tactics succeeded, Hoover supervised the shipment of a billion dollars worth of food and clothing to Belgium, directed a fleet of 60 cargo ships and 400 barges, crossed the mine-filled North Sea 40 times himself.

When the U.S. did enter the war, Hoover came home to head the U.S. Food Administration. Without resorting to either price controls or rationing, he met the domestic and military food demands of the U.S., increased the export of foodstuffs to hungry allies by 35%. At the height of wartime passions, he urged that German and Austrian women and children be fed by

"Final Farewells." Each four years, Hoover appeared at Republican National Conventions as his party's beloved elder statesman to declare his undying enmity toward Big Government and unbalanced budgets—and at the last three conventions through 1960 in Chicago, to deliver his "final farewell." Once he was out of office, the warmth and wit that had long delighted his personal friends finally broke through his public reserve. "When I comb over these accounts of the New Deal," he ad-libbed in one speech, "my sympathy arises for the humble decimal point. His is a pathetic and heroic life, wandering around among regimented ciphers, trying to find some of the old places he used to know."

At 62, Hoover assumed the chairmanship of the Boys' Clubs of America. At 84, he published his sympathetic



HOOVER & F.D.R. IN INAUGURAL PARADE, 1933

From respect to reverence to reverence, the path was self-set and selfless.



FINAL "FINAL FAREWELL," 1960

the U.S. too. "I did not believe that stunted bodies and deformed minds in the next generation were the foundation upon which to rebuild civilization," he later explained. At war's end, Hoover headed a massive American relief effort in Europe, directed the delivery of 20 million tons of food and supplies to 300 million people in 22 countries.

Hoover's humanitarian work lasted a lifetime. As Secretary of Commerce, he directed the evacuation of 1,500,000 people from the floodlands of the lower Mississippi in 1927, saw that they were housed and fed. Years later, in 1946, Democratic President Harry Truman asked Hoover to examine the relief needs of Asia and Europe in the post-World War II famine. Then 71, Hoover tirelessly trekked 35,000 miles through 25 countries to make his report.

With his remarkable grasp of detail and his organizational genius, Hoover also completed two monumental studies of the federal bureaucracy for Presidents Truman and Eisenhower. His commissions recommended some 645 specific changes in governmental organization and procedure, designed to save some \$10 billion annually. About 70% of them were put into effect.

account of *The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson*. Throughout his own last ordeal, a 26-month struggle against a variety of major illnesses, he worked on a history of modern Communism.

Hoover survived surgery for abdominal cancer in 1962. After a massive gastrointestinal hemorrhage in June of 1963, his doctors considered death imminent. Yet Hoover sat up in bed one morning, ordered scrambled eggs and his pipe, told his startled nurse: "Now I am back in business again." Stricken again last February, this time by a kidney ailment and pneumonia, he recovered, remained alert and productive right up until still another gastrointestinal hemorrhage sent him last week into a painless and final coma.

The passions of the 1964 presidential campaign were temporarily stilled as all four national candidates joined in mourning at a simple funeral service at St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church in Manhattan. There thousands filed past Hoover's bier, and even more paid last respects as his body lay in state in the Capitol Rotunda in Washington. He was buried on Sunday on a peaceful knoll overlooking the West Branch cottage of his birth.

THE WORLD



PALLBEARERS POLYANSKY, KOSYGIN, BREZHNEV & MIKOYAN
Ready to do what was done, done, done before?

RUSSIA

The Morning After

In a somewhat left-handed compliment, U.N. Secretary-General U Thant described Russia's new bosses as "competent and unpretentious." So far, at least, they have plenty to be unpretentious about. The start of their rule was not auspicious. Nikita Khrushchev was deposed and out of sight, but his invisible presence still badly cramped the style of the new Moscow team. When Premier Aleksei Kosygin and his teammate Leonid Brezhnev, new head of the Communist Party, made their first joint public appearance in Red Square to hail Russia's three most recent cosmonauts, applause from the onlookers was markedly listless. Visibly ruffled, Brezhnev stared down on them and muttered: "K chortu." That meant "Go to the devil," and because someone had forgotten to turn off the mike, the words went out loud and clear.

There was plenty of feedback, particularly from Communist leaders outside Russia. They should be accustomed to the Communist way of changing rulers, but they reacted with puzzlement, anger, even outrage. The fact was ironic, for in large measure Khrushchev had been felled because his policies had lately splintered the Communist movement, and his removal was obviously designed to help reunite the comrades. But for the present, at least, international Communism seemed even more badly split than before, and just as cockily independent of Moscow. The relative national autonomy won by the

various parties during the Khrushchev era could probably never again be wholly destroyed.

Taken Aback. To date, Moscow has given no account of exactly what happened to Khrushchev and why—forcing not only the West but also other Communist parties to work out the puzzle as best they could (see *following story*). The Soviet press kept stating the new regime's case against Khrushchev in the usual half-veiled style: its gist was that he had been highhanded and had refused to take advice. But the criticism sounded a little more restrained, with the new regime presumably taken aback by the protests.

Reaction was strongest among West European Communists. First to speak out were the French, who only a week before Khrushchev's fall had declared their formal independence from Moscow control; they were obviously determined to keep that independence. The French demanded "fuller information and necessary explanations," and Party Boss Waldeck Rochet announced that he would send a delegation to Moscow to get the answers.

Italy's Reds, who comprise the largest Communist Party in Western Europe, were openly worried by the dumping of the man they had both criticized and supported. Party Leader Luigi Longo said: "The manner in which these changes at the top of the Soviet Party occurred leaves us concerned and critical." Fearful that the new Russian leaders might get overly tough with the West, and thus spoil his party's chances in Italy's nationwide local elec-

tions next month, Longo harped on Khrushchev's "peaceful coexistence" line and desperately reminded Italians that his predecessor, Palmiro Togliatti, had demanded "greater freedom of expression" for Communists. To take the edge off the French initiative, Longo decided to send two fact-finding missions to Moscow.

Foreign News. The Eastern European Red bloc was also dismayed. Even East Germany's Walter Ulbricht, who had not had the best of treatment at Khrushchev's hands and might have been expected to toady to the new men in the Kremlin, eulogized Nikita and expressed "profound emotion" over his sudden eclipse. The East Germans found it hard to believe that Khrushchev had "shown himself to be no longer equal to his tasks."

Czechoslovakia's reconstructed Stalinist Antonin Novotny praised Khrushchev, as did Hungary's Janos Kadar and Poland's Wladyslaw Gomulka. But there was only determined coolness from the recalcitrant Rumanians, who had successfully bucked Khrushchev on economic matters and thus probably helped provoke his ouster. Rumania's party newspaper *Scinteia* played the story of his fall under the heading "Foreign News" on page 4.

The New Face. There were, of course, those who crowed over Khrushchev's removal. Pro-Chinese Reds in Rome produced a poster of Stalin that read: "Khrushchev has fallen! Stalin is vindicated! Hurray for glorious Comrade Stalin!" The new face of Russian Communism, as it began to emerge, was far from Stalinist; it was definitely Khrushchevian in its lineaments, though more serious and nowhere near as lively. But there were hints of changes ahead, and the most significant concerned China. While B. & K. kept Mao Tse-tung's name out of their pronouncements, Brezhnev hinted that Moscow would take the initiative in trying to "overcome difficulties" within the Communist movement. Unlikely as it sounded, Ideologist Mikhail Suslov was reported preparing to make a trip to Peking aimed at easing the Sino-Soviet rift. There were even rumors that Mao might be coming to Moscow.

In other matters, the new team almost frantically reassured everyone that the old policies would continue. In his Red Square speech, Brezhnev implied that Khrushchev's basic foreign and domestic policies were still "the only, immutable line of the Soviet government." Playing it both ways for the moment, Kosygin continued emphasis on production of consumer goods, while Brezhnev also promised greater investment in heavy industry. There were other promises, reassuring to the army, that cutbacks in defense spending would be halted. B. & K. also showed their

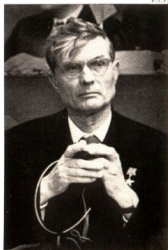
sympathy for the army by turning up at the Moscow funeral of Marshal Sergei Biryuzov, Red Army Chief of Staff killed last week in a Belgrade plane crash as he flew in to attend Yugoslavia's 20th anniversary of liberation from the German occupation.

Ultimately Willing. "You get the impression that during this period a genuine committee is at work," says a high U.S. Official. "The speeches look like State Department drafts. In other words, there's not an interesting word in them." The professional Kremlin watchers now speak of the new pair in Moscow as a "diarchy within an oligarchy," clearly a precarious situation.

Neither Brezhnev nor Kosygin can as yet be certain of his job, and behind each, among the other oligarchs, stand any number of potential replacements. One major contender is gone—ailing Frol Kozlov, 56, whose name suddenly disappeared along with Khrushchev's from official pronouncements. President Anastas Mikoyan, 68, though shunted into the role of greeter last week, is still the man with the best survival in the Soviet Union, having survived every change of leadership since the fall of the Czar.

Right behind him is Mikhail Suslov, 61, whose icy, opportunistic command of ideology had seen him through Stalin and Khrushchev and firmly into the new era. But Mikoyan may be too old and Suslov too frail (he suffers from a chronic kidney ailment) to rate much of a chance among the hustlers in the Soviet Union today. Not so Nikolai Podgorny, 61, a hog-healthy Ukrainian protégé of Khrushchev's who managed many of his most delicate foreign and agricultural projects, and Dmitry Polyanski, at 46 the "baby" of the Presidium but one of its canniest opportunists.

Any of these men would ultimately be willing to do to Brezhnev or Kosygin what they had done only a week before to Khrushchev.



POLEMICIST SUSLOV
Ready to talk to Peking?

A Hard Day's Night

How did it really happen?

Pieced together from reports in the non-Russian Communist press and triangulated by a few facts gleaned by Westerners in Moscow, the story of Nikita Khrushchev's fall is still far from complete. Contradictions abound, and the motivation of persons leaking details is obviously suspect. But the account, as it stands so far, of that hard day's night in which Nikita met his undoing rings true in terms of his familiar personality. He evidently went down as he came up—swinging.

Bare Majority. Two weeks ago, as Khrushchev relaxed in the fall sun at his Black Sea villa, a call went out from Moscow for a secret meeting of the Communist Party Central Committee.* The roundup call no doubt originated in the party Presidium, which Nikita unwittingly believed was heavily in his favor (he had hand-picked seven of its eleven other members). In from semicircle flew such opponents of Khrushchev as New Delhi-based Ambassador Ivan Benekditov, Central Committee members known to be strong for Nikita were not called, among them Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin in Washington. Khrushchev was confidently preparing a speech, which would point to Khrushchevian successes: a good harvest in the "virgin lands" and the successful orbiting of the three-man *Voshkod* spaceship, even then whirling overhead.

As *Voshkod* orbited, the party Presidium was in nonstop session—though Nikita knew nothing about it. Ideologist Mikhail Suslov was the major participant, arguing that Khrushchev had outlived his usefulness. A vote was taken, and all were against Nikita. The question was then carried to the full Central Committee, where a majority—but a bare one, some reports indicating as little as one vote—decided against him. Thus the coup makers had precluded the fate of the 1957 "anti-party group," which had mustered a party Presidium majority against Khrushchev only to lose when the vote came in the Central Committee. Dmitry Ustinov, 56, fast-rising chairman of the Supreme National Economic Council, was detailed to fly down to the Black Sea and bring Khrushchev back.

Across the River. Ustinov arrived on the morning of Tuesday, Oct. 13, as Khrushchev was talking with French Atomic Science Minister Gaston Palewski. The emissary demanded that Khrushchev return immediately to Moscow for the special meeting of the Presidium. Deeply upset, Khrushchev left Palewski with the words: "I have to go to the cosmonauts immediately." That expla-

* The 175 voting members of the Central Committee elect the party Presidium—known as the Politburo until 1952, when that name became too odious. The party Presidium is not to be confused with the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, Russia's ineffectual parliament, now headed by President Anastas Mikoyan.



nation was the least partly true. After only 16 orbits, the *Voshkod* had returned to earth, possibly because of a mechanical failure but perhaps on order from the Presidium, which presumably did not want the spacecraft, with all its publicity potential, circling overhead while Khrushchev was being dealt with.

At sunset, Khrushchev and Ustinov landed at Moscow's Vnukovo Airport, where a ZIL limousine waited. The long black car whipped across the Lenin Hills, along Kremlevskaya Quai, where lights glittered on the Moskva River.

The Unkindest Cut. The car halted a few blocks from the Kremlin at Kuibyshev Street No. 4, a grey, six-story building with red marble columns and a sign in gold lettering that reads: "The Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union." A thermometer mounted above the massive door registered a temperature of 40° F., but it was even chillier inside.

There Khrushchev found ten members of the Presidium awaiting him. Immediately Suslov got up and launched a sharp, biting attack against him. He accused Khrushchev of trying to start a new "cult of personality." He cited Khrushchev's inability to control himself, his lengthy, "boring" speeches, his "naïve provincial behavior," and his "provocative attitude" toward the Red Chinese. He described Nikita's shoe hanging at the United Nations in 1960 as "harmful to the reputation of the Soviet Union throughout the world." And he raised the matter of nepotism. Khrushchev had proposed that his son-in-law, Izvestia Editor Aleksei Adzhubei, be appointed to the Secretariat and placed in charge of agriculture.

Suslov's knife-work lasted some four hours, but the unkindest cut of all was

yet to come. Khrushchev's youngest protégé on the Presidium, Dmitry Polyansky, rose to denounce Nikita's agricultural fiascoes with sharply pointed statistics.

Long Authority. Khrushchev was furious, defended himself with a fulminating three-to-four-hour speech laden with curses and invective. Caught unprepared, he could not counter coolly, and may have hoped to carry the night on the strength of his lungs and his long authority. It did not work. Suslov listened quietly until Nikita ran down, then rose to his feet. "You see, Comrades," he said slowly. "It is impossible to talk to him." Khrushchev's face reddened to the point that some witnesses thought he would hit Suslov. But he contained himself while the Presidium voted. It was unanimous against Khrushchev. Remembering 1957, Nikita hotly demanded an immediate session of the Central Committee. Again Suslov replied: "The members of the Central Committee are assembled and waiting."

Perhaps because they had been assembled and waiting for nearly eight hours, the Central Committee members were in no mood to hear more Khrushchevian haranguing. He was interrupted again and again with catcalls from the floor. When one minister accused him of a closed-door policy (he had tried to see Khrushchev for two years and failed), Nikita snapped: "My ministers are a bunch of blockheads." The Central Committee rejected him, but by a close margin. It was nearly dawn. Exhausted, Nikita Khrushchev offered his resignation in a soft, subdued voice and walked out of the hall.

Room with a View. The conflict had been long in the making, at least according to the Kremlin leaks appearing last week. Khrushchev had been voted down by the Presidium last February over his polemical blast at Peking (also composed by Suslov), had to delay a month before making it public while peace feelers went out to Mao and were

rejected. He had further irritated the Central Committee by taking a three-week tour of the farm lands on the lower Volga and in Kazakhstan and not reporting back to them; by erupting in anger at Indonesian President Sukarno when he expressed sympathy for Peking; by announcing late in September a new plan for heavy emphasis on the consumer-goods industry that had not been cleared with the Presidium.

Khrushchev last week was apparently still in Moscow, by best report living in a four-room apartment above the Udamnik Cinema, on Serafimovich Street No. 2, within view of the Kremlin. Some Westerners reported seeing him riding in a limousine; others claimed they saw him walking, sober-faced and sullen, in the environs of Moscow University. All traces of his rule were being removed. When U.S. Ambassador Foy D. Kohler called on new Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin, he noted that Nikita Khrushchev's plastic toy cars were gone, along with his familiar paperweight, a lump of ore as crude and solid as his own.

RED CHINA

Start of the Chain

As the fallout from Peking's nuclear firecracker wafted toward the West, the political chain reaction had only begun. Taking full propaganda advantage of its feat, Red China unctuously dispatched messages to heads of state, among them President Johnson, urging a summit conference to discuss nuclear disarmament. U.N. Secretary-General U Thant took up the call, suggested a meeting perhaps next year. The U.S. State Department had already rejected Red China's play, calling it "a sucker proposal" since it made no mention of inspection. If the Chinese are really concerned about all this, said the U.S., they can always sign the partial test ban treaty.

But the unavoidable dilemma remained: what to do about a Communist

China that, in the foreseeable future, will be a nuclear power.

Revised Version. Latest intelligence on the device exploded in the Sinkiang Desert indicates that it was slightly stronger and more sophisticated than the U.S. first thought (see SCIENCE). And though it might take 15 or 20 years for the Chinese to develop an intercontinental missile capable of hitting the U.S., Peking may be able to deliver a nuclear bomb along its periphery in as little as five years.

Any type of delivery system, no matter how crude, could vastly change the strategic balance in Asia. In fact, it has subtly changed already, confirming many Asians in their growing belief in an eventual Communist takeover of all Asia, shaking hitherto staunch anti-Communists in their resolve—and giving other nations nuclear ideas. Thanks mostly to technology supplied by the U.S., a dozen or more countries—among them Egypt, Israel, India, Japan, West Germany and Mexico—possess reactors capable of producing uranium or plutonium. The U.S. Atomic Energy Commission estimates that nowadays, for an investment of \$50 million, a country can establish enough plutonium production to manufacture one crude weapon a year. Communist China's example, as President Johnson puts it, "tempts other states to equal folly."

The Alternatives. Except on Chiang Kai-shek's Formosa, there is remarkably little talk of curbing Peking's folly by hitting the Chinese before they are really strong enough to hit back. In Washington, a U.S. Congressman asked Secretary of State Dean Rusk why the U.S. had not "detonated that bomb for them"—in other words, blown up Peking's embryo nuclear establishment. Rusk replied: "We considered this but decided against it." In effect, such a decision, in all probability, would not be merely to take out a bomb or a plant, but to go to war with China—and perhaps ultimately with Russia.

On the other hand, there is growing talk that China must somehow be softened up and brought to some form of responsibility. Some feel this can be done through trade, which might turn the Chinese into "fat Communists," presumably less aggressive than lean ones. The British Labor government announced last week that a trade mission will visit Peking next month to open an industrial exhibition (the exhibit was prepared under the Tory government, for in Britain desire for trade with China is bipartisan). And for all its avowed concern about the Chinese fallout, Japan last week gave no indication of halting its burgeoning trade with Peking—worth \$200 million this year. All of this is bound to be helpful to the Chinese nuclear program, whether or not the trade items are technically nonstrategic.

Then there is the U.N. argument. Weathervane Cambodia hurried to introduce a resolution to seat Peking in the United Nations, proposing the question for the docket of the forthcoming



PEKING CHILDREN READING ALL ABOUT IT
A bigger, neighborly bomb by 1970.



SECRETARY SNOW*



TECHNOLOGY'S COUSINS



LABOR'S GUNTER



COLONIAL'S GREENWOOD



TRADE'S JAY



HOUSING'S CROSSMAN



OVERSEAS' CASTLE

The biggest crush in Whitehall since 1700.

General Assembly session. The proposal drew support from former Republican Presidential Candidate Alf Landon, and Paris' Gaullist newspaper *La Nation* called Peking's entry inevitable—all on the argument that membership in the community of nations might change Peking's belligerent policies. No one was predicting whether Mao Tse-tung would get in during 1965, but he had almost certainly narrowed his 41-to-57 margin of last year.

Said a high State Department official last week: "If the U.S. had made an atomic test in the air, there would have been cries to expel us from the U.N. The Chinese explode one and people want to bring them in. These are the dividends of being a bastard."

GREAT BRITAIN

Looking Left

Never in Britain's history—not even under German guns in 1940—had a new government moved so quickly and decisively to reshape the molds of power as Labor did last week. Prime Minister Harold Wilson machine-gunned appointments out of No. 10 Downing Street, by week's end had named 101 ministers, the highest total since the early 1700s. Whitehall was a shambles of furniture movers and displaced teamakers as Wilson shifted departments and created four new ministries: Economic Affairs, Technology, Overseas Development, and Land and Natural Resources.

Though Wilson had been expected to scatter his appointments across the party's political spectrum and had a certain number of personal debts to repay, he went out of his way to give Labor's troublesome, hard-core left-wingers seats in the new government—including six in the Cabinet itself.

Archers at Agincourt. Wilson may intend to isolate and contain them by bringing them into the government, but with Labor's narrow majority, some of Wilson's own advisers were clearly trou-

bled by his look to the left. Among the leftists named:

► **Frank Cousins**, 60, Minister of Technology. A hulking six-footer who began working the coal pits at 14, Cousins by 1938 was a full-time labor organizer. As boss of the 1,300,000-man Transport Union, Cousins clashed with Labor's late solidly NATO-minded Hugh Gaitskell and stubbornly called for Britain's unilateral disarmament. Cousins argued that Britain had defended itself in World War II without A-bombs. Gaitskell's withering reply: "And the British archers won at Agincourt without machine guns." Among Cousins' new responsibilities: overseeing Britain's atomic-energy establishment.

► **Barbara Castle**, 53, Minister of Overseas Development. A pert redhead with a flair for fashion, she came from a Yorkshire Laborite family, was an ardent member of the old, deep-pink Popular Front Socialist League. Her idea of a Sunday in the park is addressing a crowd from a Trafalgar Square plinth. She has made all the Aldermaston ban-the-bomb marches, has long had a passion for emergent Africa, the purview of her new job.

► **Richard Crossman**, 56, Minister of Housing. Probably the most prolific pamphleteer alive in Britain today, Crossman, a former Oxford don, has long been the brilliant, erratic idea man of the Labor Party, was a member of the Keep Left group of party rebels that sniped at the last Labor government while it was in power. His main task: to carry through the state takeover of urban land, which Labor hopes will solve Britain's soaring land inflation.

The Cabinet also leans left with Colonial Secretary Anthony Greenwood, 53, an elegant charm boy and professional rebel who quit Gaitskell's "Shadow Cabinet" in 1960 to signal his support of unilateral disarmament. Outside Cabinet rank, Wilson has given ministerial posts to another 25 hard-core leftists. The majority of Wilson's Cabinet remains right of center. In addition to early rightist appointments (George

Brown, James Callaghan, Patrick Gordon Walker), he has named others, notably Labor Minister Raymond Gunter, 55, a tough, adroit trade unionist with strong views about how to reform unions. Right as well, and roaming the corridors of power as Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Technology, will be, fittingly enough, Scientist-Author C. P. Snow, 59, who has exhaustively and vicariously explored Whitehall in a clutch of bestselling novels.

Up to Five. In the best British tradition, Loyal Opposition Leader Sir Alec Douglas-Home promised that the Tories would hold their fire for the first few months to give the new government a chance, even increased Wilson's majority by agreeing to keep a Tory M.P. in the speakership of the House of Commons. Since the speaker cannot vote, Wilson's effective majority thus went up from four to five. The Tories also agreed to pair off ministers in parliamentary votes, thereby enabling Laborites to leave the country on official business without endangering the government's margin.

And travel they intend to do. Foreign Secretary Patrick Gordon Walker, who lost his constituency in the elections and thus for the moment has no Commons seat, is due in Washington this week. President of the Board of Trade Douglas Jay will soon be off to Peking to open a British industrial exhibit. Commonwealth Relations Minister Arthur Bottomley barely had time to find his office before flying off to Zambia's independence celebrations, may have to go on to deal with obstreperous Southern Rhodesia.

Faced with an impending balance of payments crisis and plenty of other troubles, the Prime Minister himself was not going anywhere for a while. But as he prepared the Queen's Speech to Parliament, outlining the legislative ambitions of his new government, Wilson was clearly out to make the most of the first weeks of grace any new government enjoys. He may never have it so good again.

* Wearing special Russian academic garb.

LAOS

Improvement, If Not Joy

Untroubled by the Chinese bomb, the permanent crisis in neighboring South Viet Nam, or by anything else, Laos was having a festival. Celebrating the end of Buddhist Lent, clowns cavorted down Vientiane's dusty streets, brandishing great red-painted phallic symbols. While phonographs blared a Laotian favorite, *Jingle Bells*, fireworks exploded and countless candles were lighted to exorcise demons from homes and bawdy-



houses. One of the few worries concerned the supply of *lao lao*, a form of rice firewater whose production the government has restricted so as not to diminish the rice supply. Said a Cabinet minister: "We Laotians live in joy."

Western diplomats hardly shared the ecstasy, but they agreed that Laos has just a little more reason to be happy than usual. In recent months, since the Communist Pathet Lao overran the Plain of Jars last May, neutralist and rightist forces have regained 2,000 sq. mi. of territory. Route 13 north of Vientiane is now cleared of a Red blockade, as is intersecting Route 7 almost to the Plain of Jars. South of the Plain, right-wing troops captured 350 sq. mi. around Tha Thom. The Pathet Lao have often fallen back without a fight, and some 500 Communist troops have defected.

The Reds' setbacks are the result of a stiffer U.S. and Laotian government policy. U.S.-supplied T-28s are crippling Pathet Lao supply lines. The Reds could counterattack massively on the ground, but they apparently fear U.S. retaliation. Neutralist Premier Souvanna Phouma has survived with the help of the rightists, who have not tried a coup to take over the government for fully six months—although there has been an occasional, embarrassing mutiny among neutralist soldiers. During a recent Paris conference of the Laotian factions, Souvanna stood firm against unilateral concessions to the Reds. King Savang Vatthana got so vexed with the French for trying to pressure Souvanna into concessions that the monarch commissioned

a new portrait in which his French decorations were conspicuously omitted.

Souvanna thinks the Reds are bound to attack again, but the neutralist-rightist brass are downright cocky and probably overconfident. Tough little Neutralist General Kong Le, newly decorated with his country's Order of the Million Elephants and the White Parasol, Third Class, even talks of sweeping the Reds from the Plain of Jars, most of which they still hold.

SOUTH VIET NAM

With a Little Bit of Luck

After weeks of wrangling with Premier General Nguyen Khanh, the High National Council formed to reorganize South Viet Nam's government produced a provisional constitution last week. In view of the recent past, its title was reassuring: "Charter Establishing a Governmental Framework to End Legal Anomalies and Uncertainties Remaining from Saigon's Political Crisis of Late August."

The charter is hardly apt to end South Viet Nam's myriad uncertainties. Ostensibly it provides for replacing Khanh, who was overthrown by riots two months ago but has stayed on, supposedly as caretaker. The document, however, reflects another power struggle between Khanh and his old rival, General Duong Van ("Big") Minh. Evidently planning on retaining military say-so by making himself commander in chief, Khanh tried to persuade the 17-member council, made up entirely of civilians, to grant the army a "position of honor," exempting it from government jurisdiction. The council turned down the idea, but did provide a definite voice for the military.

Sometime Porter. Big Minh had been the High National Council's choice for chief of state, but because the post was to be occupied by a civilian, Minh would have had to resign from the army. This Minh refused to do at the last moment, so the High Council appointed in his place its own chairman, a fragile elder statesman, Phan Khac Suu, 63, who spent eight years in prison for his opposition first to the French and later to Diem. At least theoretically, Suu was empowered to pick a civilian Premier to replace Khanh, reportedly asked Saigon Mayor Tran Van Huong, 61, a sometime porter, clerk-typist and school official, who says: "I was born under an unlucky star."

Khanh was obviously most interested in how solidly the army was behind him. He promoted some officers who had saved him from September's "coupette," while the trials of 13 others, charged with leading the insurrection, were dropped. To be on the safe side, Khanh put 13 under house arrest and retired eight of them from the army.

Farewell Party. At week's end, as his term as interim Premier supposedly was about to expire, Khanh announced his "imminent return to the army."

Then he gave himself a farewell party, attended by hundreds of bureaucrats, diplomats and journalists. While mortars throbbed in the distance during a government-Viet Cong clash, the band tooted out an appropriate swan song—*With a Little Bit of Luck*.

The jerry-built new regime would need more than a little bit of luck to survive. But some observers believe that South Viet Nam's warring factions, shaken by anarchy and Viet Cong inroads, are coming to realize the need for stability. Startlingly, a Buddhist weekly in Hue declared last week: "If Communism triumphs, Buddhism cannot survive." Published over the name of left-leaning Thich Tri Quang, the editorial was the Buddhists' strongest anti-Communist statement yet.

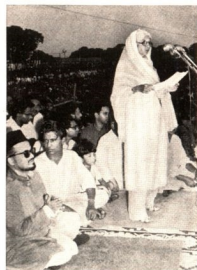
PAKISTAN

The Lady & the Field Marshal

East Pakistan last week went wild over Fatima Jinnah. Nearly 250,000 people turned out to see her in Dacca, and a million lined the 293-mile route from there to Chittagong. Her train, called the *Freedom Special*, was 22 hours late because men at each station pulled the emergency cord, and begged her to speak. The crowds hailed her as "Mother of the Nation," and when she asked, "Are you with me?", hands waved wildly in the air.

The ovations were for a silvery-haired woman of 71 who has the fresh face of a young girl and the sharp tongue of an impatient schoolmistress. In next month's national election, she is challenging Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan, and the tough field marshal has never had to cope with anything quite like her. Miss Jinnah was clearly getting under his skin. "She is an old recluse and weak-minded," said Ayub. "If you vote for her, you will be inviting chaos."

Ayub had not expected that the rag-



CANDIDATE JINNAH
A million cheers for Mother.



THIS PICTURE WAS MADE IN A MINUTE with a Polaroid Color Pack Camera. The man who took it didn't have to wait until he was back home to find out whether he'd really caught the color of London. And he

didn't have to waste time fiddling with dials and meters. You push buttons, the electric eye does the rest. Maybe you're not a world traveler. Maybe you figure you're lucky if you make it out to the back yard. There's

still nothing like seeing your color pictures in just 60 seconds. Especially when they can look like this. Did you know that there's now a new, lower-priced model? Take a look.





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tag collection of opposition parties, ranging from crypto-Communists to right-wing orthodox Moslems, would unite behind a single candidate. But unite they did behind the revered sister of the late Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the *Quaid-i-Azam* (Great Leader) and founding father of Pakistan. Trained as a dental surgeon (she practiced only a year), Fatima Jinnah's experience in politics was limited to campaigning with and for her brother.

Bigwig Captain. But she has shown a gift for playing on all kinds of grievances, legitimate and otherwise. She decries Pakistan's poverty, particularly in the remote eastern half of the country, which has long felt bitterly that it is being neglected by the government. She harps on corruption, and especially on the swift advancement of Ayub Khan's eldest son, Gauhaur, who resigned his army captaincy to become a bigwig in Ghandara Industries, which took over a General Motors assembly plant after the U.S. owners sold out for a million dollars. Above all, she keeps accusing Ayub of being a dictator.

By Western standards, he is. He controls the press, has jailed many opponents. But Ayub is really no more dictatorial than most Asian or African rulers, and more effective than many. After he seized power six years ago from a democratic but corrupt government, Ayub paternalistically promulgated the very constitution under which the general elections are being held. Among other things, Ayub's constitution allows women to run for office—something he may now regret. He developed a system of indirect elections called "Basic Democracy," under which voters are to choose 80,000 "basic democrats," or electors, who will cast their ballots next spring to elect a President. The men behind Fatima Jinnah, Ayub insists, want to make Pakistan "a paradise for politicians and a hell for the people."

Food for Souls. Ayub has greatly improved Pakistan's still wretched economy. Despite protests from religious conservatives, he promotes birth control to curb overpopulation. Without control, says Ayub, "in ten years human beings will be eating human beings in Pakistan." As for his son's career, Ayub says rather lamely that he likes to see all young men get ahead.

Miss Jinnah concedes there has been economic progress, but argues: "Even those who are well off miss their freedom. You know, you also need food for the soul." Bending down to stroke her black poodle, she adds: "What is the difference between this dog and myself? I feed him and look after him. Yet he wants to go out and have his own freedom—whether I like it or not." She has no illusions about winning the election, even if she captures a majority of the 80,000 "basic democrats," since the government will have five months to win them over to Ayub Khan.

ZAMBIA

Tomorrow the Moon

As celebration fever mounted last week, thousands of plumed warriors with spears and blunderbusses hunted elephants, hippos and buffaloes in the bush to provide a fitting repast for the independence day feasting. Along Northern Rhodesia's Congo border, Bemba tribesmen blasted home-made, muzzle-loading guns into the night. In Lusaka, the capital, representatives from more than 60 nations gathered to watch the lighting of a 6-ft. freedom flame marking the rechristening of Northern Rhodesia as Zambia* and its proclama-

With 3,600,000 people scattered over an area larger than Texas, Zambia has barely 1,500 African high school graduates, fewer than 100 university graduates, four doctors, ten lawyers and no engineers. To keep the mines and mills running, Zambia is dependent on skilled white manpower.

Prison Graduate. The biggest cause for optimism is Zambia's President Kenneth Kaunda himself. A teetotaling, guitar-strumming, nonsmoking Presbyterian preacher's son and ex-schoolteacher, Kaunda spent eleven months in British jails—long enough to qualify him for leadership of the ruling United National Independence Party, but not long enough



INDEPENDENCE DAY DANCERS

Play now, fly later.

tion as an independent republic within the British Commonwealth. President Kenneth Kaunda toolled around about town in his \$11,000 Chrysler Imperial convertible, happily waving to the cheering citizenry. Said he: "At the moment, all is gay—but soon the problems will have to be faced."

Actually, the 30th African country to achieve independence in the past decade is beset by fewer problems than most. Despite sporadic fighting between government troops and the fanatical Lumpa cultists (TIME, Aug. 7), in which 650 people thus far have been shot or chopped to death and 150 villages burned to the ground, Zambia's future looks comparatively bright. One reason is that Zambia contains nearly a fourth of the world's known copper reserves, and her mines are heading for a \$400 million production year, providing 68% of the gross domestic product. The chief economic problem is the desperate shortage of skilled African manpower.

* Southern Rhodesia will now be called just plain Rhodesia.



PRESIDENT KAUNDA & WIFE

to make him a bitter enemy of the British, who ruled Northern Rhodesia for 73 years. A moderate, Kaunda opposes black racism as practiced by some of the newly independent African states, instead advocates a "multiracial society" providing equal rights for Zambia's 74,000 whites.

He has served notice that he wants a bigger slice of the profits fattening the British and U.S.-owned copper companies, but has no intention of nationalizing them. In foreign affairs, he subscribes to "positive neutrality," which means he wants to be friends equally with the West, the Soviet Union and Communist China. At the same time, he is helping an assortment of black revolutionaries, including some from Mozambique, where rebel bands have been fighting Portuguese troops since September.

Startling Vision. Yet Kaunda is painfully aware that Zambia's economy is almost wholly dependent on neighboring white-ruled countries. Zambia's exports flow through the railroads and ports of South Africa, Rhodesia and the Por-

tuguese colonies, and two-thirds of Zambia's imports come from the Republic of South Africa and Rhodesia.

To diminish Zambia's dependence on the white-ruled neighbors, Kaunda wants to form an East African federation with Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika. He has obtained agreement in principle for a 1,268-mile railroad linking Lusaka with Dar es Salaam—but the line may not be completed until 1970 or later. After being proclaimed the new nation's President-elect, Kaunda told the crowd of his vision of a free and peaceful Zambia "where people of all tribes, races, beliefs and opinions, political and otherwise, will be able to live happily and in harmony."

During the independence festivities only one noted Zambian failed to share in all the harmony. He is Edward Mukuka Nkoloso, a grade-school science teacher and the director of Zambia's National Academy of Science, Space Research and Philosophy, who claimed the goings-on interfered with his space program to beat the U.S. and the Soviet Union to the moon. Already Nkoloso is training twelve Zambian astronauts, including a curvaceous 16-year-old girl, by spinning them around a tree in an oil drum and teaching them to walk on their hands, "the only way humans can walk on the moon."

FRANCE

The Prophet of Nevertheless

"My present notoriety annoys me," wrote Jean-Paul Sartre piously last year. "I've lost the chance of dying unknown." That became even more of a certainty last week when the Swedish Academy bestowed on him the 1964 Nobel Prize for Literature—an honor he didn't want. Unless he changes his mind, which is unlikely, he will be the first winner to turn down the world's loftiest literary honor.* Since, as the Swedish Academy pointed out, the award stands whether the recipient formally accepts it or not, Sartre is in the most enviable position for a rebellious intellectual: he can have his prize and sneer at it too.

"I have always declined official distinctions," said Sartre, explaining that a writer who accepts an honor risks institutionalization and puts his reader under unfair pressures: "It's not the same thing if I sign 'Jean-Paul Sartre' or if I sign 'Jean-Paul Sartre, Nobel Prize-winner.'" Displaying his long on-and-off Communist sympathies, he went on to complain that the Nobel seemed to be reserved only for Westerners or dissident Eastern-bloc writers.

Faith Without Belief. As with most Nobel awards, it came to a man whose career is past its peak. Sartre at 59 remains an authentic hero for French

intellectuals, including those who most despise him, and he is one of the few 20th century philosophers whose names are at least vaguely known to the public. His drama and fiction (*No Exit*, *Nausea*, *The Roads to Freedom*) are deservedly remembered, his formal philosophical works are read only by specialists and masochists.

He was perhaps at his most turgid and absurd in the long, confused eulogy of Jean Genet's scabrous *Our Lady of the Flowers*; Sartre described the book as an epic of masturbation, and Genet described Sartre in some of his favorite four-letter words. But Sartre has lately found a fresher vein: in his autobiographical *The Words* (TIME, Oct. 9) he reminisces simply and compellingly

of his characters were usually obsessed by evil.

Logicians or theologians can demolish this position, but that does not change the fact that there is a certain grandeur in it. What is less grand is Sartre's endless posturing. After having been an almost demonic writer all his life, Sartre recently seemed to reject literature itself when he said, "I have seen children dying of hunger. Over against the dying child, [a novel] cannot act as a counterweight." To which Critic Claude Simon answered impatiently, "When have corpses and books ever been weighed on the same scale? Why write at all, why publish?"

Nevertheless, Sartre will continue writing and publishing. Nevertheless, he

DOMINIQUE DERRITY



NOVEL LAUREATE SARTRE
Not from a philosophical air-raid shelter.

about his unhappy childhood, from which he eventually escaped into literature as others escape into religion, business, or the Foreign Legion.

Above all, it is his version of existentialism, a philosophical air-raid shelter that he erected for Europe's disillusioned intellectuals after World War II, that seems rather outdated today. It is essentially a conjuring trick—a preaching of faith without belief, of free will to no purpose, "Atheism is a cruel and long-range affair," Sartre has said. Always faithful in this affair, never publicly flirting with hope or grace (as did his fellow existentialist and fellow Nobel winner Albert Camus), Sartre takes atheism to its grim limits. Man as he sees him is alone in an absurd and meaningless universe.

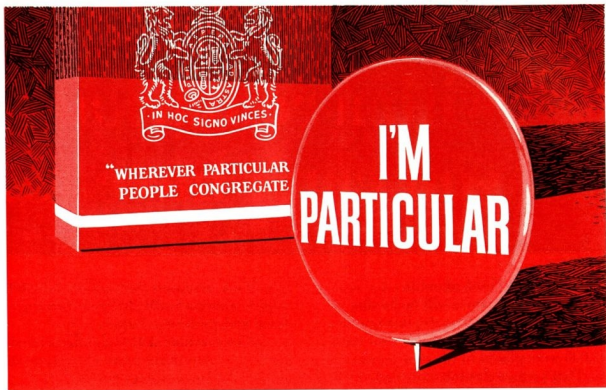
Why Write? Nevertheless (if there is a single word that sums up existentialism, it is "nevertheless"), man must commit himself to causes, must bear responsibility for his acts. Only half accepting Marx and Freud, Sartre rejected both psychology and history as predetermining man's fate; man is completely free to choose between good and evil, which is an awesome burden—particularly since Sartre is never helpful enough to define the terms. But most

will complain about the uselessness of it. Nevertheless, the French would not have it any other way, for he has become a kind of national institution. During the bitter war with the Algerian rebels, he joined other French intellectuals in publicly urging Frenchmen not to take up arms. Many others were jailed for it but not Sartre. When French Cabinet minister asked him why not, President Charles de Gaulle simply shook his head and said, "Sartre is also France."

A Beautiful Affair

Marseille is the halfway house on the world's main route of illicit drug traffic. Crude morphine from the Middle East is smuggled into the tough, jaded Mediterranean port and converted to heroin. It is then sent to New York by clandestine carriers as diverse as diplomatic pouches and the Air France stewardess caught three years ago with the stuff in her bra. Balding little Louis Lavalatte, chief of the police *judiciaire* for Southern France, has long had a good hunch who was behind the operation: "Monsieur Jean" Césari, a quick-witted courtly Corsican who, in 20 years of flitting through the Marseille milieu with few visible sources of income, has nonetheless

* Russian Novelist Boris Pasternak first accepted, then was pressured by the Soviet government into refusing the 1958 award.



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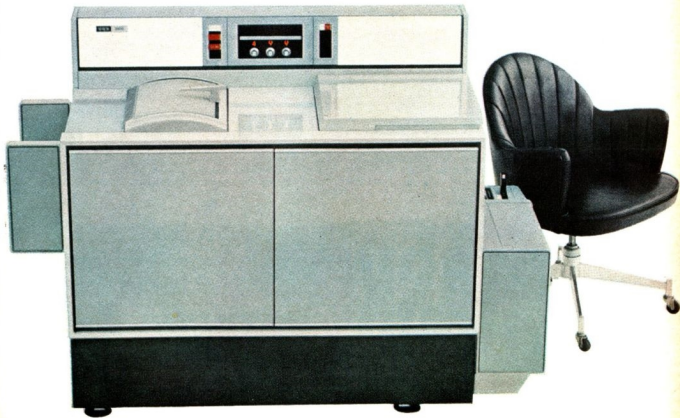
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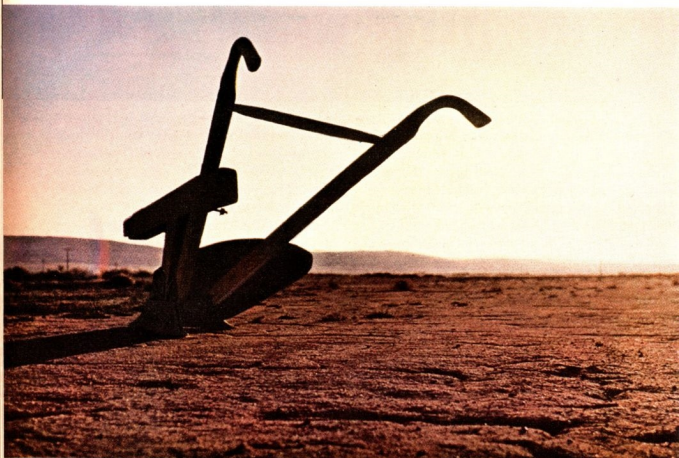
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ASK 

managed to acquire both a 1,000-acre Riviera estate and a handsome \$50,000 villa near Aubagne guarded by five fierce police dogs.

When Lavalette's agents seized 242 lbs. of morphine base concealed in a cargo of goatskins from Turkey eleven months ago, the chief decided enough was enough, set out to nail Césari once and for all. He disguised a score of Marseille cops as everything from priests and pétanque players to taxi drivers and dockers, often had them make quick changes at midday while they shadowed Césari and his henchmen. Several times they discovered raw morphine on incoming freighters ticketed to Césari's hirelings (one shipment was packed in a carton of snails). But the police were unable to catch Césari manufacturing heroin—until a laborer named Albert Vèran laid out \$15,000 for an old stone farmhouse last May.

A Veritable Factory. Vèran told his neighbors he planned to raise chickens and vegetables, but in fact he soon began receiving regular visits from Césari and curious deliveries from a variety of vehicles. Police agents furtively photographed all the visitors to the farmhouse until Lavalette had what he happily called "an international family album of drug smugglers." Then he moved in for the kill.

Two agents with shotguns, dressed as hunters, stumbled toward the farmhouse at dusk, one carrying the other on his shoulders. Reaching the door, one shouted: "Open, quick! My friend has just been badly wounded!" Vèran's wife opened up; the agents grabbed her before she could push an alarm button, let Lavalette and 14 more policemen in. Upstairs they surprised Monsieur Jean stuffing heroin into cellophane bags destined for the U.S., and also uncovered not the usual kitchen-sink and gas-stove rig for boiling down morphine but an ultra-modern four-room assembly line—"a veritable factory," cried Lavalette.

C'était Formidable. Confident that he would be dealing "not with imbecilic bandits but with sensible men who would reflect before acting," Lavalette and his raiders carried no weapons except their prop shotguns. Living up to these expectations, Césari offered no resistance and, as Lavalette remembered the dialogue, declared solemnly: "Monsieur, permit me to offer you my hand so that I may congratulate you and your men on your job. *C'était formidable.*" Replied Lavalette: "*Mon cher, I accept your congratulations, and I extend you my own. Thanks to you, I have accomplished the most beautiful affair that one could imagine.*"

Indeed Lavalette had, for seized in the farmhouse were 220 lbs. of morphine base and 220 lbs. of pure heroin, worth on the drug black market at least \$5,000,000, and the largest single confiscation of illegal drugs ever brought off—almost three times as much in one

haul as is typically seized all over the world in an average year. American narcotics agents were elated, praised Lavalette's coup as "sensational," since it will considerably shorten dope supplies in the New York underworld for some time.

ITALY

A Course in Geography

An outraged father tells a cousin that his young daughter has a problem. "Tumore [tumor]?" asks the cousin solicitously. The father growls back, "Onore [honor]!"

The scene is from *Seduced and Abandoned*, the uproarious and poignant film



PROFESSOR SPERANZA

Everyone scored 100.

satire on Sicily's exalted, exasperating code of honor. Pretty Maria Furnari, 19, might have been the heroine of that movie. She lived a secluded life in Piazza Armerina, a town of 28,000 set in the bleak, sun-baked hills of central Sicily. At home, Maria was so strictly supervised that she could not even go to church alone. But each weekday, Maria traveled 40 miles to and from the University of Catania, where she was working toward a teaching degree. Last spring Maria entered a geography course taught by handsome Professor Francesco Speranza, 44.

In June, Speranza asked Maria to visit him to discuss her grades, which were only average. They met not at his house but at a small hotel on the city's outskirts. After the hotel meeting, Maria's grades improved enormously—she got the equivalent of 100.

Corner Cowerer. All seemed to go well for a while, scholastically and romantically. But, gradually, Maria grew depressed because Speranza refused to leave his wife and live with her. Moreover, Mamma Furnari was becoming suspicious of the high grades in geography and troubled by a warning from a

gossipy neighbor. Mamma and Maria had it out, and when the girl confessed her affair, she had to repeat it all to her father, Gaetano Furnari, 40, who jumped up from the dining-room table and ordered Maria to follow him. Hiring a car and muttering imprecations, Furnari drove to Catania. Dragging Maria behind him, he burst into a classroom where Speranza and two other professors were holding oral examinations of 15 students.

When he discovered which professor was Speranza, Furnari whipped out a pistol, shouted, "See this?" and fired five shots. As Speranza fell dead, screaming students bolted for the exits; one teacher tripped and fell trying to



PUPIL FURNARI

escape, the other cowered in a corner. Ignoring them, Furnari calmly pocketed the gun and gave himself up to the police. To his weeping daughter, Furnari said sternly, "Why are you crying? For me? You should have thought of me before. I have vindicated your honor, *bambina.*"

Unwatered Veins. Maria told the police she thought her father only intended to convince Speranza that he should live with her. Exactly, said her father, but "when I saw him before me, this man who had ruined my daughter and my entire existence, my intention gave way to instinct. My hand went automatically to my pistol and I fired away!" He added, "Unfortunately, I am a Sicilian, and in my veins I have blood, not dirty water."

In their hearts, everyone knew he was right. The neighbors in Piazza Armerina are raising a defense fund; the Roman Catholic authorities in Catania have refused a church funeral to the murdered philanderer; and the police recorded Furnari's crime as an *delitto d'onore* (a crime of honor), punishable—if he is found guilty—by a mere three to seven years in jail.

THE HEMISPHERE

JAMAICA

Race with Unrest

"The government say we got to creep before we walk," said a Kingston shoe-shine boy, snapping his cloth. Then he looked up. "Hell, mon, we been creeping forever." Just finished celebrating its second anniversary of nationhood after 307 years of British rule, Jamaica is an impatient country, increasingly dissatisfied with merely creeping toward the accouterments of modern life that newly independent peoples feel they have coming to them. Jamaicans want TV sets, washing machines, new autos—and they want them soon.

Short of the Goal. Under Sir Alexander Bustamante, 80, a white-maned half-Irishman who organized the island's labor unions in the turbulent 1930s, the government has an ambitious, five-year plan for new schools, hospitals, roads and housing. Shrewd tax benefits have attracted foreign companies to Jamaica—Esso has opened an \$18 million refinery, Sterling Drug and International Telephone & Telegraph are building plants. Tourism is thriving, will probably hit about 230,000 people this year. But last year's overall economic growth rate fell short of the plan's intended 5% annual gain, and there are other worries.

Jamaica's galloping birth rate (40 per 1,000 v. 22 per 1,000 in the U.S.) will boost the Connecticut-sized island's population 18% to nearly 2,000,000 by 1970. Emigration to Britain, formerly Jamaica's main outlet, has been cut off, which means more food, more jobs must be found. As matters stand, Jamaica cannot feed even its present population, has spent some \$30 million to import food in the first six months this year. Most Jamaicans regard farming as too

servile; by the thousands they drift into the Kingston capital seeking clerk and factory jobs, but these are so scarce that an estimated 22% of Jamaica's 650,000-man work force is unemployed.

Quiet Wishes. No one expects violent explosions in Jamaica in the near future. Jamaicans are a smiling, gentle people with an abiding respect for British-style law and order. Yet Bustamante's cousin and arch political rival, Norman Washington Manley, 71, has a point when he charges that the government has failed to get the country moving as fast as it should. In private, some of Bustamante's own ministers tend to agree.

They quietly wish that their honored but aging chief would step aside. After a cataract operation in April, Bustamante can work only part time. Yet he insists on making all decisions and continues to run the Jamaica Labor Party as absolute—and sometimes capricious—boss. Recently two of his senators failed to vote for a government bill making flogging mandatory in rape sentences. An enraged Bustamante ordered them to resign. They did.

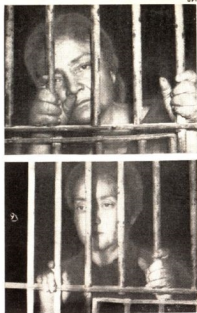
MEXICO

Sisters of Shame

One Sunday morning last January, three weeping mothers rushed into the police station in the sun-baked city of León in central Mexico. Breathlessly, they told the police chief of a tip on the whereabouts of their long-missing teen-aged daughters. A young girl who had escaped from a brothel had informed them that their children were being held captive on a ranch somewhere near León. Nosing around a ranch in the area two days later, the police chief accidentally stepped into some soft earth. To his horror, out popped a woman's arm—the first clue in one of the ugliest chains of crime in Mexican history.

From 14 to 25. Storming into the ranch house, police found 19 teen-aged girls, including the three for whom the search was started. They were prisoners in what Mexican newspapers called "a concentration camp for white slaves," complete with tiny cells and grisly torture devices. In the house, police arrested two notorious white slavers, Delfina González Valenzuela, 55, her sister María de Jesús, 40, and a handful of their helpers. A few weeks later police picked up a third sister, Eva. Further search at the ranch and at two brothels owned by the sisters uncovered the remains of 17 young women and five babies.

Over the next few months, the police pieced together evidence of at least 35 murders (some said that the total exceeded 100), and a picture of a ruthless white-slave ring that had been trafficking in young girls for at least ten years. The girls, ranging in age from 14



DELFINA & MARÍA GONZÁLEZ
Forty years for massacre.

to 25 and all from poor families, were lured by promises of jobs as maids in upper-class families. Then they were raped by a ring employee and hustled off to a training brothel in the farming town of San Francisco del Rincón. At least 2,000 girls had passed through the ring since 1954. Most of them were sold to brothel owners throughout Mexico at \$80 per girl; the rest went into the sisters' own establishments. Said one 14-year-old: "When a girl would get sick from not being given enough to eat and being beaten so badly, she would be taken from the room where we were locked up, and we would never see her again. We were told that she was taken to the hospital."

The Royal Bed. The "hospital" was, in fact, the ranch near León where the sick were sent to die and rebellious girls were sent for discipline. "Some died of hunger, some of sickness, and others couldn't take the punishment with the stick," admitted one helper. The sisters' undertaker described how she "sprinkled the bodies with kerosene and set them on fire. Then we would call our gravedigger." A girl told how she was left alone without medical care while giving birth to her child, which then died and was buried in the ranch yard. The most feared torture was what the sisters called the *cama real* (royal bed), a narrow board onto which girls were placed and wrapped in barbed wire so that even the slightest movement caused a cut. Sessions on the *cama real* lasted for days at a time.

Last week, in a San Francisco del Rincón courtroom cleared of spectators to guard against attack, the three sisters were found guilty of first-degree murder, white slavery and assorted other crimes and sentenced to the maximum penalty under Mexican law: 40 years in prison.



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PEOPLE

Turnabout is fair play, decided bearded New Orleans Jazzman **Al Hirt**, 41. He had cut a disk with the Boston Pops in Symphony Hall, so this time it was Conductor **Arthur Fiedler**, 69, guesting it high on the revolving stage of Hirt's Bourbon Street hangout. "Where are the other 90 musicians?" Fiedler began, raising his baton, whereupon the six-man combo beat him to the beat by hurtling into *Trumpeter's Lullaby*. "We only have one rule," Al explained kindly. "The one who finishes first gets to play the ending." Since Fiedler had never really started in the first place, he made the grand finale by cracking his baton across his knee.

At the age of 42, "to please my father, tease the Pope, and spite the devil," **Martin Luther**, a former Augustinian monk, married Catherine von Bora, a 26-year-old former Cistercian nun. The event horrified Catholic Christendom, set the precedent for all future Protestant divines, and led the humanist Erasmus to remark that the Reformation "had started out like a tragedy, but ended as all comedies do—in a wedding." Now from East Germany comes word that Luther's wedding ring, missing since World War I, has apparently been rediscovered in the keeping of a Schöenberg family. Engraved on it are the names of the bride and groom and the date: June 13, 1525.

From Anka to Zeckendorf, some 1,500 of Manhattan's nabobs and thingamabobs brought their fairest ladies to the \$150-a-seat benefit premiere of *The Movie Version* (see CINEMA). The traffic jam packed 14 blocks of Broadway so solidly that Star Audrey Hep-

burn had to desert her limousine to trek the last block to the theater. Still, the snafu gave the locust swarm of lensmen a heyday, feasting their flashbulbs on the likes of Jean Kennedy Smith and Mrs. Winston ("CecZee") Guest, as well as a handful of Hollywood's last duchesses. Joan Fontaine simply glowed, Jennifer Jones fluttered a huge black boa, but Pepsi-Cola's sociable **Joan Crawford**, 56, in her diamond tiara, outqueened them all. "Darling, you must be proud of you!" she said to Audrey at intermission.

On Feb. 15, 1944, the 14th century Benedictine abbey of Monte Cassino, in central Italy 80 miles south of Rome, was razed by Allied bombers because it was being used as a German stronghold. Today the monastery has been rebuilt in all its Renaissance splendor. Nonetheless, said **Pope Paul VI**, 67, consecrating its new church, "Just as it seems incredible that war should have been made against this abbey, so it does not seem real to us to see it restored. It is as if it wished to delude us into thinking nothing had happened. We do not wish to pass judgment on those who were the cause. But we cannot but deplore that civilized man dared make the tomb of St. Benedict the target of pitiless violence."

Largely recovered from the ear injury that sidelined him in last spring's U.S. Senate primary race in Ohio, Astronaut **John Glenn**, 43, was named a director of Georgia's Royal Crown Cola Co.

On board a horse called Slapstick, Jockey **Willie Shoemaker** won his 5,000th race, and Long Island's Aqueduct race-track officials clustered around to give him a combination clock-thermometer-barometer. The great Eddie Arcaro, who hung up his silks in 1961, booted home only 4,779 winners, and the \$32,237,289 won by Shoemaker's mounts surpasses Arcaro's previous record winnings. In the numbers game, the Shoe still has to pass veteran John Longden, who at 57 has 5,900



HIRT & TRUMPET TYRO FIEDLER
Baton-bagger on Bourbon Street.

wins to his string. But with Willie only a sprout of 33, that record should be a shoo-in.

The Long Island Gold Coast that F. Scott Fitzgerald talked about is a trifle tarnished, with all those marinas and split-level commuter crates along the North Shore. Still, there are a few old-order enclaves, such as 47-acre West Island in Glen Cove, owned by **Louise Converse Morgan**, widow of Junius S., daughter-in-law of J. P., artist, philanthropist, and a lady who so loves to cultivate her gardens that most of the remaining Social Registeries in the region have never met her. On her estate, **Jacqueline Kennedy**, 35, has leased a "small" (ten-room) weekend cottage, with stables for Sardar and Macaroni.

Ill lay: **Dwight Eisenhower**, 74, at Washington's Walter Reed Hospital with a "moderately severe" inflammation of the respiratory tract; former Supreme Court Justice **Harold Burton**, 76, in Washington's George Washington University Hospital with an advanced case of Parkinson's disease; Playwright **Lorraine Hansberry**, 34, in a coma with cancer at Manhattan's University Hospital; Comedienne **Carol Burnett**, 29, in traction ("I'll probably be 7 feet 8 inches when I get out") at Manhattan's Hospital for Joint Diseases, for correction of a spinal injury incurred during a pratfall in her 1959 hit, *Once Upon a Mattress*.

Down Under wasn't exactly where **Arnold Palmer**, 35, was golfing last week. It was Up Yonder. True, Arnie was playing in a tournament near Melbourne, but on the ninth hole, his second shot came to rest 20 ft. up a gum tree. Officials said he could drop it, for a two-stroke penalty, or replay the shot, for one, but Arnie's Aussie army was hollering: "'Ave a go!" So up he clambered, then took a swi-pe-whish-splonk-wobble-thonk, and the ball, at least, bounced to the ground. Arnie bogeyed the hole—but only because he goofed the putt.



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SPORT

THE OLYMPICS

A Kind of Special Immortality

Atop Tokyo's National Stadium, the scoreboard flashed one last message: SAYONARA—WE MEET AGAIN IN MEXICO CITY, 1968. Darkness fell, the Olympic flame flickered and died. There was nostalgia, but no regret, no fear that reflection would do anything to dim the luster of the XVIII Olympiad. For in 15 wondrous days, 6,600 athletes from 94 nations had tumbled, leaped, twisted, soared and splashed to a kind of special immortality.

In some future Olympics, other athletes would swim faster, jump higher, throw farther; and some day it might not matter any longer that the U.S. had beaten Russia in their private battle for supremacy in the Games (see box). But the memories would stay—of Bob Schul sprinting across the finish line in the 5,000-meter run, the first American ever to win the race, soaked with rain, plastered with mud, a look of utter rapture on his upturned face. Of Russia's Elvira Ozolina, crushed by her defeat in the women's javelin, rushing wildly into a hairdresser's to have her head shaved in shame. Of South Korea's defiant Dong Kih Choh, disqualified in his flyweight boxing preliminary, sitting angrily in his corner for 50 minutes while officials pleaded with him to leave the ring. And of the Hungarian water poloist who lost his trunks while the whole of Japan watched on TV.

Bones & Bundles. If the first week belonged to the U.S., the second belonged to everyone. By the time it was over, 41 nations had divided up the costume jewelry. The U.S. did fine in sailing (two silver, three bronze)—but the 15 yachting medals were split eight different ways. Germany's balding Willi Holdorf, the oldest-looking 24-year-old

in Tokyo, won the decathlon. New Zealand's incomparable Peter Snell, already the 800-meter champion, scored another awesome victory in the 1,500-meter run for what he termed "a nice double." Australia's Betty Cuthbert, who won three events at Melbourne in 1956, cranked her 26-year-old bones around the 400-meter track in 52 seconds to win her fourth Olympic gold medal, and a tidy bundle named Ann Packer became the second British woman ever to win an Olympic track gold medal when she took the 800 meters in world record time.

The Russian men, shut out for the whole first week, finally got a couple of gold medals in men's track and field. Romuald Klim whirled the hammer 228 ft. 10 1/2 in., and Russia's Valery Brumel beat the U.S.'s John Thomas for the ninth time in ten meetings in the high jump. Both Brumel and Thomas cleared 7 ft. 1 1/2 in.; the Russian won because he had fewer misses.

Some Surprises. Those victories did little to pacify Pravda. Where were all the "sure" gold medals that Track Coach Gavril Korobkov had promised? In track and field, both men's and women's, the U.S. picked up 14 to Russia's 5; in swimming, the bulge was 16 to 1. Then there was basketball. "The result will be a surprise," predicted Coach Alexander Gomelsky just before the U.S.-Russian final. If anybody was surprised, it wasn't the Americans, who rolled to an easy 73-59 victory—47th in a row for the U.S. in Olympic competition. Of course, when it came to toting up all the medals, including the semi-precious ones, the Russians beat the Americans 96 to 90; but around the Olympic Village they were calling Barracks 11 and 12 "Fort Knox": that was where the Yanks lived and the gold was.

With visions of Siberia dancing in his head, Korobkov did the best thing he could think of: he said he would retire. A Hungarian canoeist had a better idea: he defected to the U.S.

Heroes on Every Hand

Some day they'll make baseball an Olympic sport, and the World Series will be played some place else besides Yankee Stadium. The Dominican Republic will probably win it, of course, but Americans can always cry on the shoulders of the Japanese. Last week, for the first time in Olympic history, judo was on the calendar. The Japanese took three gold medals. But a 6-ft., 5-in. Dutchman named Anton Geesink won the open championship, and the U.S., which got its first real introduction to judo on Guadalcanal, won a bronze medal when Virginia's Jim Bregman wound up third in the middleweight class.

In all, there were 20 different sports in the 1964 Olympics, most of them events that Americans had rarely heard



BRITAIN'S PACKER

Golden memories and medals to match.

of or had forgotten all about. Take field hockey—a Vassar girls' game in the U.S. But when the Pakistanis took on the Indians in the finals, it was the fight for Kashmir all over again. The only goal of the game was scored by India's Mohinder Lal, 28, a railroad worker from Saharanpur, who set off a delirious, snake-dancing demonstration by rifling a penalty shot past the Pakistani goalie—thereby becoming an instant national hero. "I'm certain that they will promote me to senior welfare inspector of the railways," said Lal. "They will have to, because of what I did for my country."

Cast in Steel. Everyone knows that Dan'l Boone could shoot the eyes out of a potato at 500 paces. But when Montana's Lones Wigger Jr., 27, won two medals in riflery at Tokyo (one gold, one silver), it came as a distinct shock to many U.S. sports fans who never gave a thought to the U.S. shooting team. Americans used to be big on bicycle racing—but that was long ago, before the two-car family. If the settlers hadn't tried to kill off all the Indians, the U.S. might have done better in canoeing. As it was, a Swede who paddled 3,000 weary kilometers in practice won the 1,000-meter kayak race by 15/100 of a second. In gymnastics, Americans who cheat on push-ups could only gape in astonishment as the incredibly graceful Russian girls danced off with the women's team championship, and Japan's Yukio Endo, 27—poised on the parallel bars as if cast in steel—scored an incredible 115.95 out of a possible 120 points to win the gold medal in the men's all-round competition.

In the U.S., volleyball is something old men play at Grossinger's. But it was



JAPAN'S ENDO

Riflery, push-ups and Hail Hail

on the Olympic program last week, and it's a good thing Japan did not send her women off to war. Led by Captain Masae Kasai, 31, who broke her engagement to train for the Olympics, punctuating every shot with banzai choruses of "Hail! Hail!", the Japanese women's team beat Russia so badly in the finals that the Muscovite ladies shut themselves in the locker room for a good cry.

The Japanese girls learned their volleyball under Coach Hirohito Daimatsu of the national-champion Nichibo Spinning Co. team. He cheerfully suggests that his training methods are "savage." Billeted in dormitories at the Nichibo plant, the girls do clerical work from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., practice daily from 4:30 right through until midnight with only one 15-min. break. A typical practice exercise: the "receive," a tumbling acrobatic maneuver in which the girls hurl themselves to the floor to retrieve the ball—until they are so exhausted that they cannot get up any more. At that point, Coach Daimatsu usually snarls: "Why don't you quit?"

The Original Sport. And when it came to wrestling, one of the original Olympic sports, the Masked Avenger would have hung his head in shame at the way the honest grapplers fought in Tokyo. Under Greco-Roman rules, they were not even allowed to touch each other below the hips. Americans were shut out of the finals, but that hardly mattered to Turkey's Kazim Ayvaz, 27, who won his country's second gold

medal of the Games by beating Rumania's Valeriu Bularca for the lightweight championship.

A blocky (5 ft. 5 in., 154 lbs.), bull-necked construction worker, Ayvaz flabbergasted fans with his spectacular *salto* hold: falling backward, he would arch his neck into an "unbreakable bridge"—then casually flip over and pin his opponents. Last week, standing on the awards platform, Ayvaz was struck by a thought: "I realized that I had never been out with a girl to dance, or hold hands, or watch the moon. No drinking, no smoking, just wrestling from morning to night and dreaming about that gold medal all the time."

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

PC + D + TL + S = V

"A good leader never asks his men to do anything he won't do," says Notre Dame Coach Ara Parseghian, 41. He eats at the training table, does calisthenics with the team, and dresses for games in a pull-over with NOTRE DAME across the front. "Progress is our most important product," he says, imitating General Electric. His half-time pep talks sound like something out of *Battle Cry*. "We have 30 minutes to play!" he bellows. "They're gonna make it rough for us out there! We've gotta be just as rough! Run through 'em! Murder 'em! Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!"

Shades of Knute. It seems to work. When he took over at Notre Dame last winter, he inherited a team that had not had a winning season since 1958. Only 16 lettermen were back from a hapless 1963 squad that won two of its nine games. Eager for a quick return to the days of Knute Rockne and Frank Leahy, when the Fighting Irish won seven national championships, alumni got a sample of Parseghian's Armenian-style blarney. "The restoration of Notre Dame's football image is my main objective," he said. "I think—I pray—that it can be done in four years."

The job, as it turned out, took only four games. Rolling over Wisconsin (31-7), Purdue (34-15), Air Force (34-7), and U.C.L.A. (24-0), the Irish suddenly found themselves the nation's No. 2-ranked college team, behind Ohio State, and the No. 1 surprise of the 1964 season. Last week, after they ran their record to 5-0 by breezing past Stanford 28-6, Ara Parseghian was being hailed as "the new Rockne."

"Consider Me a Candidate." A one-time pro halfback with the Cleveland Browns, Parseghian won 39 games, lost only six as head coach at his alma mater, Miami of Ohio—and a couple of those victories came at the expense of the powerful Big Ten. In 1955, the day before Miami was scheduled to play Northwestern, he hunted up Rival Coach Lou Saban to plead for mercy. Saban apparently swallowed the sinker. Next day, little Miami went 77 yds. on the first play from scrimmage, upset Northwestern 25-14. By the time the



HUARTE & PARSEGHIAN
Let's go! GO! GO!

season ended, Saban was out of work. And who got the Northwestern job? Ara Parseghian—who wound up winning 36 out of 72 games at a school that had won only seven games in the four seasons before he arrived.

But that only whetted Ara's ambition, and last season he phoned the Rev. Edmund P. Joyce, Notre Dame's executive vice president. "The only reason I'm calling, Father," he cooed, "is that the press has been calling Hugh Devore an 'interim' coach. If Hughie has the job permanently, forget this call. If not, consider me a candidate."

Notre Dame was only too happy to consider—even though Parseghian was a non-alumnus and a Protestant at that. One of the first things he did was to send a note to every member of the team: "Physical Condition + Desire + Team Loyalty + Spirit = Victories." Then he pored over game movies, tailoring his offense to the available talent.

Out went Notre Dame's archaic split-T attack; in came the I formation, with three backs positioned in a direct line behind the center. At Northwestern, Parseghian was famed for his wide-open, pro-type passing game, built around Quarterback Tommy Myers (TIME, Nov. 2, 1962). At Notre Dame, he found a reasonable facsimile of Myers in John Huarte, a side-arm sharpshooter who played only 45 min. last season, so far this year has completed 62 passes for 999 yds. For his No. 1 target, Parseghian nominated Ed Jack Snow, who already has broken the Notre Dame season record for pass receiving by snaring 34 passes for 593 yds. and five TDs.

To bulwark the defensive line, Parseghian picked the four biggest bruisers he could find (average: 235 lbs.) and goaded them into a homicidal frenzy with his tongue. The result is the stingiest ground defense in the nation: in five games, Notre Dame opponents have averaged only 27 yds. rushing.

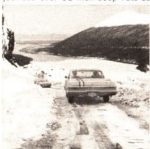
WHO WON THE MEDALS

	Gold	Silver	Bronze
United States	36	26	28
Russia	30	31	35
Japan	16	5	8
Germany	10	22	18
Italy	10	10	7
Hungary	10	7	5
Poland	7	6	10
Australia	6	2	3
Czechoslovakia	5	6	3
Great Britain	4	12	1
Bulgaria	3	5	1
Finland	3	0	0
New Zealand	3	0	0
Romania	3	4	0
Netherlands	2	4	4
Turkey	2	3	1
Sweden	2	2	1
Denmark	2	1	1
Yugoslavia	2	1	1
Belgium	2	0	0
France	1	8	1
Canada	1	1	1
Switzerland	1	2	0
Bahamas	1	0	0
Ethiopia	1	0	0
India	0	2	0
South Korea	0	1	1
Trinidad	0	1	1
Tunisia	0	1	1
Cuba	0	1	0
Pakistan	0	1	0
Philippines	0	1	0
Iran	0	0	0
Brazil	0	0	0
Ghana	0	0	0
Ireland	0	0	0
Kenya	0	0	0
Mexico	0	0	0
Nigeria	0	0	0
Uruguay	0	0	0

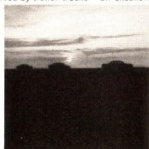
Comet roars from bottom to top of world to show it's still World's Durability Champion



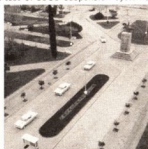
Leaving Cape Horn Sept. 12, Comets slogged through quagmires of spring in South America. Further on, cars jounced over 18-inch-deep ruts carved by trailer trucks—an excellent test of 1965 suspension systems



Despite rough going, Comets needed no major repairs along the route.



Fresh drivers wheeled cars day and night to reach Fairbanks Oct. 22.



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What's the sense of driving Comet through 16,200 miles of sleet, snow, mire, mountains, desert, jungle and back to sleet again? To show you that Comet "can do." Last year, at Daytona, specially equipped Comets racked up 100,000 miles and the World's Durability Championship. This year, regular production Comets showed they're just as tough. Now come see what Comet can do for you.

MODERN LIVING

THE JOB

Girls by Rotation

It all began before World War II, when teen-age daughters from different lands swapped places and parents, took on household and child-care chores in return for bed, board and the chance to learn a new language. The system was called *au pair* (on a par) because, it was hoped, the new member of the family would be treated as if she belonged there.

Today, *au pair* has become the poor girl's junior year abroad—a way to spend time in another country while Mother rests easy, secure in the knowledge that her daughter is not alone in a strange land. Girls from 15 to 30, usually listed as students and therefore technically not workers, slip comfortably past immigration roadblocks and working restrictions even in countries that jealously repel foreigners who might take jobs away from natives.

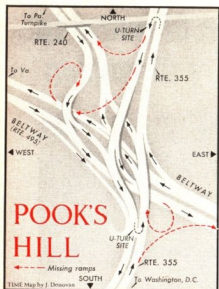
Some countries have gone so far as to set up agencies specializing in *au pairs*. These act as a kind of clearinghouse, matching girls and families in a far more orderly way than the old family-writing-to-family system. In London, best known are Universal Aunts and Hunt-Regina. Applicants at Paris' *Accueil Familial des Jeunes Etrangers* pay a \$5 registration fee, must agree to stay with the family selected for at least six months. In exchange for room and board and pocket money (up to \$10), the family gets a built-in baby sitter and mother's helper, generally of comparable social standing and education. The girl gets time off for classes and homework, some free nights, and one full day a week for herself. For guidance, she can turn to subsidiary facilities—clubs where *au pairs* can go to compare

notes, counseling service to use if she is discontent. Meanwhile the experience of moving into an adopted family permits her insights into another civilization that no tourist can hope for.

A Scattered Business. Nowadays, like rotating crops, English girls head for Rome, French girls for London, Germans, Italians and Scandinavians for Paris. Scattered among them are a small but increasing number of American girls. Last year there were as many as 20,000 *au pairs* in Britain, 3,000 registered in France.

But as migration swelled, so did the problems. What was once a cozy private affair, supervised to the last detail by supercautious parents, became en masse a complicated business. Where, for instance, should *au pairs* eat their meals? With the family, as a half daughter, or in the kitchen, as a half maid? May they entertain friends at home once their work is finished, or see them only on days off? Since municipal and government agencies had no jurisdiction over such volunteer workers, perplexed housewives fell back on their own instincts, often with disastrous results.

The Last Word. Too strict a regime, and *au pairs* like 21-year-old Penelope Fitzgerald, out of Ireland and now in Rome, rebel: "No one wants to be ordered around while Signora does her nails." Too lax a hand, and a goodly proportion end up more literally in the family way than the family had in mind. It was, in fact, the regular, annual arrival of 150 or so *au pairs* upon the doorstep of Britain's National Council for Unmarried Mothers that recently got the Home Office to issue a free pamphlet offering concisely stated advice in seven different languages. Now the generally accepted last word on the subject, a sort of Dr.



THE HIGHWAY

Trapped in Spaghetti

You are tooling along the superhighway when the signs suddenly begin to snap up before your eyes. You want to get off at the interchange. But where? There it is—no—yes—better hurry—and you spin into the cloverleaf with the sickening feeling that you're probably wrong and doomed to go miles out of your way.

The brand-new Pook's Hill Interchange near Bethesda, Md., is different. There you can be absolutely certain that you're wrong. They left out half the exit ramps.

At Pook's Hill, Washington's new four-lane Capital Beltway, which circles the metropolitan area, intersects the six-lane Route 355 and the four-lane Route 240; and the designers have ingeniously arranged it so that all three superhighways come together at once in a magnificent swirl of concrete spaghetti. Tourists tend to think their frustration is their own fault; it is all but inconceivable to the average mind that on such an elaborate interlacement of roads, eastbound traffic on the beltway cannot go north on Route 355; westbound beltway traffic cannot go south on Route 355; southbound on 355 cannot go west; northbound on 355 cannot go east on the beltway; and motorists coming from Pittsburgh cannot head north on Route 355.

Local residents have discovered that the only way to turn off the beltway onto Route 355 is by heading in the opposite direction and making a U-turn into the oncoming traffic. Not only is this uncommonly hazardous, but during rush hours it chokes off one traffic lane with cars waiting (drivers fuming) to make the turn.

No one seems to know how the Pook's Hill plans got so pixilated, and no one seems to know what's going to be done about it.



AMERICAN IN PARIS



SWISS IN LONDON



IRISH IN ROME

Learning to speak the language and help a half mother.

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GOOD YEAR
CHEMICALS



It looks a lot friskier... and it really is!

Chevelle gets off to a great start for 1965 with engine choices up to a 300-hp V8, plus other major advances. So if you thought this car was the most its first year out, you should try it now!

Now you can order a Chevelle with even more snap and crackle. Right on up to a 300-hp V8. The magic's put in this one with four-barrel carburetion, 327 cubic inches and a dual exhaust system.

Of course the standard engines are still available—the economical Hi-Thrift Six (with a new quieter cam-

shaft and valve system) and reliable 195-hp V8. Or you can order the higher performance 140-hp Six or 250-hp 327-cubic-inch V8. Transmissions available include 3-Speed Synchromesh, Overdrive, 4-Speed Synchromesh and Powerglide—a total of 16 power teams for your Chevelle for '65.

But power's just part of the story.

Chevelle rides more softly and smoothly, handles more easily, too. That's because of refined coil spring design, improved rear suspension and extra body insulation.

Outside, it gets that frisky youthful look from its new front-end styling and sporty new styling in back. Inside, there are richer fabrics and

Chevelle Malibu Super Sport Coupe. (And we do mean Super!)



'65 CHEVELLE by Chevrolet!

vinyls and a wide variety of other luxuries to enjoy. For example, you can order an AM-FM Stereo radio, Four-Season Air Conditioning, adjustable 7-position Comfortilt steering wheel and many more enjoyable accommodations.

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vertibles, sedans, sport coupes, wagons and Super Sport models. All fit beautifully between the luxurious new 1965 Chevrolet and the thrifty new 1965 Chevy II. They come in 15 exterior colors, 13 of them new. (See the special new SS colors, Evening Orchid, Crocus Yellow and Glacier Gray!) So come on in. Your

Chevrolet dealer will help you choose the one you'll have the most fun with in '65. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.





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flying, the kind of service everybody's talking about these days. And you can get more of the same any time, between 70 U.S. cities and 18 world centers abroad. Only on Trans World Airlines.

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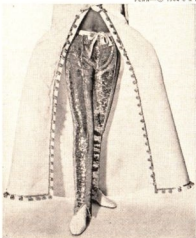
Nationwide
Worldwide
depend on



Spock for au pair parents and charges, the text decreed that a girl should be given a separate bedroom and a place at the family table, that she should work, in exchange, no fewer than five hours a day.

There are still problems of nationality and temperament. German girls are judged good workers but eat too much to suit the French, while the French, claim the English, tend to leave rings around the tub. Italians are meticulous ironers but recalcitrant dishwashers, the Swiss overly concerned with dust but not too quick about doing something about it. The Americans? Said one experienced au pair hand last week: "They'll have to learn to get along with one bath a week without shrieks of complaint, mend their own clothes and not throw them away; *la vie*, after all, *n'est pas si facile*."

PEN—© 1964 C N P



COURRÈGES SLACKS
Midriff à la mode.

FASHION

Hello, Belly

Though Buddhists regard it with fascination, obstetricians with respect, and belly-dancers as a way of life, no one not interested in finding the middle of his abdomen has ever paid much attention to the human navel. It is neither a beautiful object nor a particularly useful one; children poke fun at it, and even analysts smile.

Bikinis, however, put the navel back in style—turned it, in fact, into something of a fashion must (not even the choicest midriff could get by without one). What was good at the beach was obviously just as good in town, if only someone could figure out how to do it. Luckily, someone did. Just this month, *Vogue* magazine proudly presented the results of Paris Couturier Courrèges' figuring: a pair of slippery, silver-sequined evening slacks that underscore the area with a white satin bow. The cost? \$3,695. The navel? No longer a laughing matter, it presents another sort of public problem: where to look and what to say to its owner.

For a lasting first impression...



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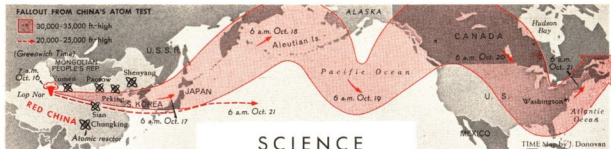
The right apparel will help you make the good first impression, so important to business or social success. And 'Botany' 500 men's clothing tailored by Daroff of fabric blends with "Dacron" polyester fiber stay comfortable, smart and wrinkle-free, even under the most arduous conditions. Make a lasting first impression with 'Botany' 500 "Dacron" 155% "Dacron" polyester fiber and 45% Worsted suits, \$75. (Slightly higher in the West.) To get your copy of the booklet "Design for Success" and the name of your nearest dealer write: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 2300 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania (A subsidiary of Botany Industries.)

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY



SCIENCE

ATOMIC TESTS

The Blast at Lop Nor

The bleak land around Lop Nor, a salt lake in the Takla Makan Desert of Red China's Sinkiang province, is one of the most remote and unpleasant places on earth. But last week Lop Nor was suddenly familiar to all the world when President Johnson pinpointed it as the place where the Chinese had conducted their first atomic test.

U.S. authorities have not yet told all they know about the Chinese test, presumably because disclosure would divulge too much about their detection methods, which are extremely efficient. They predicted the blast weeks in advance, reported it almost as soon as it happened, named its fissionable material, estimated its energy and followed the spreading cloud of radioactivity as it circled the Northern Hemisphere on the fast westerly winds that prevail at high altitudes.

Slim Tower. The Chinese test was in the atmosphere; the nuclear device was probably perched on a slim tower several hundred feet high to keep the fireball out of contact with the ground. This type of test, outlawed by the U.S., Russia and Britain by the 1963 test ban treaty, has much to recommend it to the novice nuclear power. The explosion's position is known precisely, and it can be watched by hundreds of instruments, some of them so close that they are vaporized a few microseconds after they send their data.

Underground tests, such as the one that the U.S. conducted last week in a salt dome near Baxterville, Miss., are much more expensive and not as convenient to observe. They are also harder to detect and might well be carried out in secret.

Near-surface explosions can never be secret. They proclaim themselves loudly in many different ways. The shock wave smacks the ground hard, starting characteristic earth waves that may be detected by seismographs thousands of miles away. In the air the shock wave turns into a sound wave that weakens as it travels until it dwindles into a brief rise of barometric pressure. In its last weak form, the wave can cover thousands of miles before it becomes too faint for microbarographs to distinguish it from natural variations of atmospheric pressure. The U.S. undoubtedly had many seismographs and microbaro-

graphs stationed around China to be on the alert for its maiden test.

Prattling Particles. Radios and radars were also alert. Any nuclear explosion sets off a great variety of electromagnetic waves, some of which are in the radio segment of the spectrum. They travel great distances, guided around the curve of the earth by ionized layers in the upper atmosphere, and they are not difficult to detect. The explosion-born pulse of radio waves disappears quickly, but another radio effect lingers on. As the mushroom cloud climbs into the stratosphere, its radioactivity releases a vast number of electrons that ionize a mass of air and turn it into a radio wave reflector. This air mass shows up on long-distance radars, and it may distort radio waves coming from beyond it. A combination of all these long-distance methods of measurement can pinpoint the explosion accurately and give a good idea of its strength.

The AEC classed the Chinese explosion as "weak," meaning its energy was equal to about 20 kilotons of chemical explosive. But only the testers themselves can now be sure whether the low power was intentional, to save precious fissionable material, or a result of poor design and construction. Radioactive particles collected by high-flying airplanes may soon provide an answer, however, for the particles prattle all sorts of secrets: whether the fissionable material used was plutonium or U-235; how much of it was wasted; whether an attempt was made to get fusion (hydrogen bomb) action.

Clicking Counters. Except for describing the bomb as weak, U.S. authorities at first released no figures, and the Weather Bureau, which traced the radioactive cloud, reported its directional progress only, making no comment on its intensity except to say that it was not strong enough to be at all dangerous. But in bomb-bitten Japan, where radiation watching is something of a national hobby, rooftop Geiger counters started clicking ominously. Scientists caught rain water to measure its activity, and jets brought samples down from the sky. About 30 hours after the explosion the radiation count at Niigata, 180 miles north of Tokyo, rose from zero to 30,000 micromicrocuries per square meter of ground. The level at Tokyo's Institute of Meteorological Research rose from the normal 100 micromicrocuries per square meter

to 120,000. This level is the highest since the big Russian test of 1962, but it is not considered dangerous to humans.

At first, U.S. authorities seemed to agree that the Chinese must have used plutonium as their fissionable material. The process of separating U-235 from natural uranium requires enormous amounts of electric power, and China is power poor. Plutonium, on the other hand, is made in nuclear reactors, which require little external power. China is known to have reactors, and both air surveillance and ground spying have reported a large reactor complex near Paotow in Inner Mongolia. Japanese students of Chinese activities also agreed that China must have used plutonium because it lacked the electricity needed for the production of U-235.

But the neat theory was destroyed when the AEC announced a preliminary analysis. That report indicated that the Chinese test used "a fission device employing U-235." Unless the Russians in friendlier years got the Lop Nor bomb work started with a goodly amount of U-235, the Chinese must somehow have scraped up the electricity to make the stuff, or less likely, invented a new and better process.

Implosion. Another nugget of information in the AEC report was word that the Chinese depended on an implosion (inward-striking detonation) of chemicals to compress their U-235 and make it fission. Such a device is more effective than shooting two chunks of fissionable material toward each other in an apparatus like a gun barrel, as was done in the U.S. bomb exploded over Hiroshima. The U.S. also used the implosion method in its earliest nuclear weapons. Although a surprising number of commentators assumed that use of implosion showed advanced skill by the Chinese, the AEC did not agree. "The low yield of the test," it said, "coupled with other information obtained from the radioactive debris indicates that the technology of the device is that which we would associate with an early nuclear test."

Spotting the actual test site should not have been hard. Since the Russians stopped supplying them with the latest Soviet missiles and interceptors, the Chinese have been almost helpless against photographic flights by U-2s and other high-flying airplanes. Deep in the desert, the site in Sinkiang requires conspicuous roads, transport vehicles,

housing, supply dumps. Its burst of activity before the test must have been plainly visible to U-2s and perhaps to reconnaissance satellites orbiting overhead. If such activity still continues in the hostile Takla Makan, the Chinese are likely as Secretary Rusk announced last week, to shoot a second test soon.

Can Life Survive The Bomb?

When Red China crashed the nuclear club, its A-bomb test blast echoed through all the world's capitals. And it roused once again the specter of a dead and devastated world. Scientists and laymen alike have long feared that the aftermath of a nuclear attack would be a desolation of blasted, baked and radioactive wasteland. What life survived the initial holocaust, it was agreed, would surely succumb to the longer-lasting hazards of atomic radiation. So far, the best proving grounds for such theories are Bikini and Eniwetok, the two Pacific atolls that were clobbered by some 60 atomic explosions, from the low-yield nuclear blasts that hit Bikini back in 1946 to the mighty hydrogen bombs let loose on Bikini and Eniwetok between 1954 and 1958.

To find out what happened to the plant and animal life that once inhabited these coral islands, a team of University of Washington radiologists, sponsored by the Atomic Energy Commission, have made an extensive, five-week survey. They report findings that seem to suggest that if ever men are foolish enough to pull the nuclear trigger—and fortunate enough to limit the area of conflict—the earth may not become a wasteland after all.

Magnolia & Morning-Glory. Wading ashore on Namu in the Bikini atoll, an island so hard hit by atomic fireballs that its entire top was blown off, the scientists found it covered with sedge, beach magnolia, and the small white-flowered tree *Messerschmidia*, which was named for the 18th century German botanist, Daniel Messerschmid. So thick were the morning-glory vines on some of the islets that the scientists had to hack their way through with machetes. Birds are back in the atolls, replacing those that were killed or so blinded that they starved to death.

When the scientists swam under water to collect fish samples, they found hordes of parrot fish, surgeonfish and goatfish, and school after school of brightly striped convict fish; significantly, none of them appeared altered by radioactivity. A few species, however, did not come through so well. The coconut crab, once a delicacy of the atolls, is now inedible because it has retained such a high level of strontium 90. The reason is that when the crab molts, it eats its old shell for the mineral content and so reabsorbs its radioactivity.

Clams & Tenacity. Now back in Seattle, Chief University of Washington Radiologist Lauren R. Donaldson and his team are trying to solve the problems raised by the high survival rate on

the atolls. Part of the answer surely lies with the tropical atolls themselves, where soothing trade winds and warm ocean currents forever bring birds, fish and seeds from far, unbombed shores. But another part of the puzzle may be the manner in which animals absorb and then throw off radiation. Donaldson and company have brought back hundreds of fish and wildlife samples from the atolls, are now analyzing them for radiation clues. Their most promising specimens are giant clams that were dredged up alive four miles from the center of the blasts that seared the atolls. The great mollusks have pumped thousands of gallons of irradiated water through their systems, and as a result, Donaldson points out, "will have biologically monitored all of the events that transpired."

But Donaldson is still worried that his tests may prove inconclusive, if only because many species of atoll animals and plants may have perished from radiation damage before he got there. He is also convinced that no man could have survived the tests without suffering radiation damage; it is the lowest organisms that survive best. Even so, there is obviously much to learn. "Life," says Donaldson, "has a tenaciousness not often appreciated."

TECHNOLOGY

Getting the Word by Skin

The modern airplane pilot is assaulted by vital information. His cabin is lined with instruments competing for his eyes' attention; into his ears stream insistent voices and electronic signals. As if all this were not enough, the pilot may soon be expected to react to communications coming through his skin. Far from being an added distraction, says Psychology Professor Frank A. Geldard of Princeton's Cutaneous Communications Laboratory, skin signals sent out by small electrical vibrators buzzing at the rate of 60 cycles per second, will take some of the burden off the pilot's saturated eyes and ears. A ring of vibrators worn around his waist and buzzing in rapid sequence will feel like a spinning Hula Hoop. The message would be an effective means of alerting a pilot to a particular danger.

The vibrators can work on almost any convenient part of the body. All who have used them agree that there is no difficulty in separating their skin-received messages from sight and hearing. Says Dr. Geldard: "It's like listening to your wife talk while reading the newspaper and while a child is pulling your foot."



SCIENTIST RETURNING TO BIKINI-ATOLL JUNGLE
Bird song, greenery and radioactive crab.

MEDICINE

CIRCULATION

The Great Brain Robbery

Doctors have long been as puzzled as their patients have been alarmed when some unaccustomed exercise causes not only numbness in an arm but faintness and even temporary blindness. Now artery researchers at West Virginia University School of Medicine have an explanation for what investigators call "the subclavian-steal syndrome."

As Irish-born Dr. Robert James Marshall explained it last week to the American Heart Association in Atlantic City, the steal involves one of the arteries that normally help to supply blood to the brain. Besides the well-publicized carotid arteries, there are two lesser-known vertebral arteries, each of which branches off from one of the subclavian arteries in the shoulders and ascends to the brain (see diagram). These arteries unite at the base of the brain to form the basilar artery, and in a healthy person they supply up to 20% of the brain's blood. Normally, the blood in the vertebral arteries flows in one direction: upward, to the brain.

But in older people who have arteriosclerosis, Dr. Marshall explained, there may be a clot in, say, the left subclavian artery. Then the blood pressure beyond the clot, and in the left arm, falls below normal, lower than the pressure in the right ascending vertebral artery. This sets up the steal. If the left arm demands extra blood because of unneeded exercise, it gets some by drawing it in a reverse flow down

the left vertebral artery, stealing it from the right vertebral artery at their junction just below the brain.

In some cases, said Dr. Marshall, a small steal produces no obvious ill effects; this has been dubbed "the subclavian snitch." But Dr. Marshall suggested that a truly massive steal, in which both carotid arteries are also robbed of blood, might well be called "the great brain robbery."

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

The Ravages of Strep

When Rebecca Craighill Lancefield was a child around the turn of the century, scarlet fever seemed a dangerous disease that was easy enough to diagnose but difficult to treat. The victim got a raging sore throat, a high fever, and a rash that spread over most of his body and gave the illness its name. But physicians and bacteriologists found that though they could suppress the rash, they could do little else for their patients. Researchers also found that patients who had one bout of scarlet fever might never have another, but if they got the same kind of sore throat again, they might develop heart or kidney disease.

During World War I, tens of thousands of American soldiers became ill with scarlet fever or related strep infections. Mrs. Lancefield, who got her master's at the time and began working for her doctorate in microbiology at Columbia University, had no trouble finding a problem on which to concentrate. Encouraged by her husband, Geneticist Donald E. Lancefield, she became one of the first bacteriologists to recognize that the streptococci are an appallingly complex group of microbes. She spent a decade in the laboratory, painstakingly classifying different strains of streptococci according to the poisons they produce. By 1928 she was ready to report that the bugs that cause scarlet fever and destroy red blood cells and pave the way for rheumatic fever and heart and kidney damage, could all be identified as coming from a single group that she called beta-hemolytic, group A.

While Dr. Lancefield has worked at the Rockefeller Institute refining her findings, other researchers have learned to describe strep germs by their "Lancefield classification." That name, though unknown to the general public, has become a byword among bacteriologists and medical researchers who have applied the Lancefield findings to the control of rheumatic fever—and, consequently, to the prevention of countless cases of mitral-valve damage. Dr. Lancefield's latest work has been devoted to pinning down the kinds of strep, and the nature of their poisons involved in glomerulonephritis—one of the commonest, deadliest and most baffling of kidney diseases (TIME, July 24).



MICROBIOLOGIST LANCEFIELD
No trouble finding a problem.

Last week the American Heart Association, meeting in Atlantic City, gave Dr. Rebecca Craighill Lancefield, 69, some belated public recognition: its 1964 Research Achievement Award.

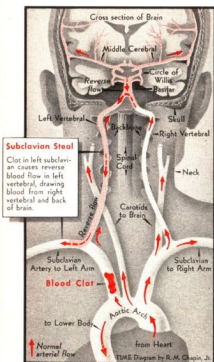
PEDIATRICS

The Deadly Membrane

When a baby is born prematurely, he is especially susceptible to a breathing difficulty that develops into hyaline membrane disease. The inner linings of the lungs get covered with a membrane that prevents the exchange of oxygen and carbon dioxide and kills the victim. So far, the most expert and concentrated medical efforts have proved virtually helpless against "H.M.D.": it was the cause of Patrick Bouvier Kennedy's death in 1963 when he was only 39 hours and 12 minutes old.

Last week Dr. Daniel Stowens, a Louisville pathologist, said he had found the explanation of H.M.D. and a simple, effective treatment: Epsom salts enemas. He told the College of American Pathologists that he had concluded from post-mortem examinations that H.M.D. victims suffered from an inability to get rid of excess water. Since the premature baby's kidneys may not be up to the job of ridding the body of excess water, Dr. Stowens suggested helping them with the Epsom salts enemas. In eight months, 28 babies with "severe respiratory distress and all clinical signs of hyaline membrane disease" were so treated, and all did well.

There is one difficulty, though. Pediatricians may suspect that a baby is developing H.M.D., but only an autopsy can prove them right. And although waterlogging is notoriously a problem in all premies with breathing difficulties, nobody is yet certain whether it is a cause or an effect of H.M.D. Indeed, there are many pediatricians who feel that dryness in the lungs, not waterlogging, is a major cause of the disease.





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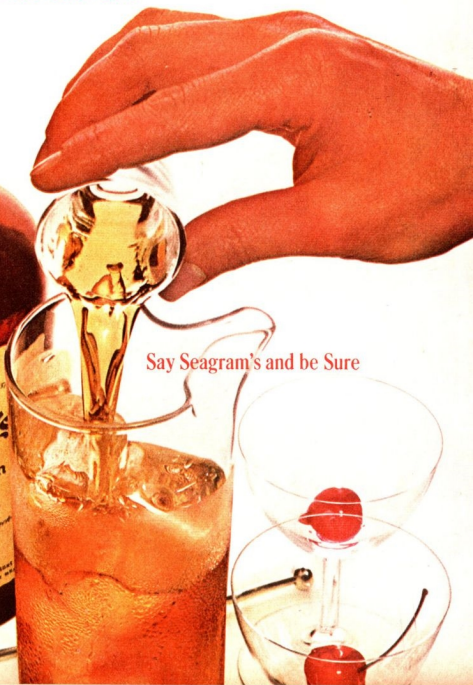
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Say Seagram's and be Sure

MUSIC

DANCE

The Comers

"We have always had the cream," boasts New York City Ballet's George Balanchine, "but now with more dancers going through the sieve, the cream is richer than ever before. Our company is packed with great dancers. Any one of them would be a prima ballerina with any other company."

Like a proud father, Balanchine this season has exposed a wealth of gifted young girls in a variety of major roles, almost to the exclusion of the older principal dancers. Patricia Neary, 22, for example, who graduated from the corps de ballet just last year, has performed 47 solos so far this season, while Maria Tallchief, 39, long the company's biggest box-office attraction, has danced but eleven times. Tallchief, the fourth of Balanchine's five ballerina wives, says wistfully: "When I was married to Mr. Balanchine, he created his greatest roles for me; it is hard to watch others doing them. I have not danced enough this season, that I know."

Balanchine does not like to see a dancer transform his choreography into a vehicle for her own virtuosity. "You have to watch out," says one member of the troupe. "If you get too good at a role, you'll lose it." He discourages the star system by refusing to announce in advance which dancers are performing. Audiences queuing up at the New York State Theater last week for *Ballet Imperial* did not know whether they would see Tallchief or, as it happened, a budding teen-ager named Suzanne Farrell. In the past, explains Balanchine, when a soloist fell ill he had to scratch the ballet. Now, he says happily, he can confidently call on any one of several dancers to fill any role.

Lately arrived from the provinces with mothers in tow, many of the new dancers have yet to reach voting age. Offstage they are disarmingly shy and giggly. Cloistered in temples of the dance since childhood, they are strangers to the ways of the world and such diversions as dating and social dancing. The best of the new generation is notable for their agility and stature. ("I love tall girls," says Balanchine. "The more you can see the better.") Most promising of Balanchine's new favorites:

- KAY MAZZO, 18, a willowy, fragilely pretty girl from Chicago. A sickly child, she began dancing at age six on the advice of her doctor, went on to tour with Jerome Robbins' *Ballets: U.S.A.* before joining the New York City Ballet two years ago. She has danced leading roles only eight times, but memorably, especially in *Afternoon of a Faun*, a ballet perfectly attuned to her feathery, sweetly feminine style.

- PATRICIA NEARY was fixing to enlist in the corps de ballet at Radio City Music Hall when Balanchine drafted her. A

tall (5 ft. 7½ in.), long-stemmed native of Miami, she is known as "The Technician," and has excelled in an extremely wide range of roles in her year as soloist. Her precise, whippet-quick movements are best showcased in *Four Temperaments*. She spends all her off hours baking brownies and cakes ("Oh, they're sooo tempting, but I can't touch them") for the theater's canteen, which is run by her mother, a former vaudeville hooper.

- SUZANNE FARRELL (née Roberta Sue Ficker), 19, was president of the New York City Ballet Fan Club in Cincinnati just five years ago. "Now I practice right next to Maria Tallchief," she says. "I can't believe it!" She started dancing at eight to overcome her "tomboy habits," has since blossomed into a softly lyrical dancer, marvelously expressive in the *pas de deux* to Tchaikovsky's *Meditation*. Says Balanchine: "She is an alabaster princess; you couldn't design a better figure."

- GLORIA GOVRIN, 21, has been in tutus since she could walk. As a Newark schoolgirl, she haunted the backstage of the New York City Ballet collecting autographs. Now she is a veteran soloist, a fine comedienne in *Stars and Stripes* and *Western Symphony*. Her role as Queen of the Amazons in *Midsummer Night's Dream* was type casting; she is the tallest (5 ft. 8½ in.) girl in the troupe. Thick-legged and saucer-eyed, she is a steady, remarkably effortless performer whose spectacular leaps put some of the male dancers to shame. "Gloria is beautiful and strong like a Clydesdale horse!" says Balanchine. "Her leg extension spans light-years."

- MIMI PAUL, 21, daughter of a Washington physician and a fashion designer, trained in Washington and abroad before joining the New York City Ballet in 1960. She is cast in the classical mold, a perfectly proportioned ballerina of ravishing grace and serene lyricism. Her expressive arms, arching back, and regal stage presence lend grandeur to a role, as exemplified by her Adagio in *Symphony in C*.

- PATRICIA MCBRIDE, 22, was born in Teaneck, N.J., rose meteorically through the ranks to the coveted plateau of principal dancer at 18. Her versatility and repertoire, from the affected beauty in *La Valse* to the man-eating insect in *The Cage*, are unmatched by any dancer her age. Petite (5 ft. 3 in.), she relies more on speed, beauty of line and polished precision than strength. She frequently tours independently in tandem with the company's acrobatic male virtuoso, Edward Villella.

With a recently awarded \$5,925,000 Ford Foundation grant, Balanchine & Co. figure to be skimming off the cream of U.S. dancers for years to come. But with so many gifted young dancers already on hand, there is scarcely any room at the top.



SUZANNE FARRELL



PATRICIA NEARY



MIMI PAUL



PATRICIA MCBRIDE
So much more to see.

RELIGION

MOVEMENTS

New Man at M.R.A.

Many a spiritual movement has expired with its founder, but Moral Re-Armament is made of more durable stuff. Three years after the death of Frank Buchman, M.R.A. feels as assured as ever that it will conquer the world with its four absolutes: honesty, purity, unselfishness and love.

Skeptical of the power of the pulpit, M.R.A. chiefly dramatizes its doctrines by stage and screen. Last week the latest of its simplistic message plays, *Through the Garden Wall*, in which feuding neighbors learn love through

owns and operates a model farm in East Anglia, has turned out 16 plays (including *Garden Wall*); the royalties from his writing, \$1,120,000 in all, have gone to the cause.

Since World War II, M.R.A. has offered itself to the world as an ideology for the West. Howard insists that the movement adheres faithfully to Buchman's grand strategy—converting the world's leaders to living by the four absolutes. The movement no longer flaunts the easily refuted claims of a decade ago that labor union converts had brought industrial peace to strife-ridden cities. And M.R.A. these days soft-pedals endorsements from African lead-



EUROPEAN HEADQUARTERS AT CAUX

Four absolutes spell absolute assurance.

M.R.A., was touring Germany, drawing enthusiasm from crowds and shudders from drama critics. Thousands still flock each summer to M.R.A.'s grand rallies at its lavish headquarters at Caux, Switzerland, and Mackinac Island, Michigan; in 1962 M.R.A. opened a third and equally handsome center at Odawara, Japan. Although M.R.A. officials are vague about money and membership figures, Britain's Peter Howard, Buchman's designated successor as the movement's leader, insists: "We are getting more contributions than we did ten years ago, and many more people are working for M.R.A."

From Rugby to Royalties. Moral Re-Armament could hardly be more unlike Buchman, who was a mild-mannered rural pastor and Y.M.C.A. worker until he founded the Oxford Group. M.R.A.'s predecessor, Lean, trim and handsome at 56, Howard was in his day one of Oxford's athletic greats, eight times a star on Britain's international rugby team. In 1941, as the best-known and most biting political columnist in Lord Beaverbrook's stable, he was assigned to write some pieces about M.R.A. and ended up joining it. He

ers maintaining that the movement has saved the continent from chaos.

Against Satirists & Cynics. Welcoming men of all faiths, M.R.A. claims that it is not a rival to existing churches. Rome suspects that it is, and many Catholic bishops have warned their flocks against joining. A number of Protestant leaders have attacked its ideology as essentially un-Biblical, even though M.R.A. is about as rigid as the Old Testament prophets on the need for strict standards of personal conduct. Good members of M.R.A. do not smoke or drink, and even if married are urged to sexual restraint. Last week Peter Howard warned Britain's new Prime Minister Harold Wilson against "satirists and cynics" who "debate our ancient virtue and push pornography and godlessness down the national gullet." A current M.R.A. crusade in Holland features big newspaper ads, written by Howard, condemning the spread of homosexuality ("It can be cured").

M.R.A., obviously, is not the world's only spiritual movement that praises purity and honesty. But some Christians seem to find in it a spiritual solace and discipline unavailable elsewhere.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

The Bravest Schema

A century ago, in his *Syllabus of Errors*, Pope Pius IX condemned the thesis that the Roman Catholic Church should accommodate itself to the modern world. Last week the bishops of the Second Vatican Council began discussion of a document that goes a long way toward making that accommodation. For Catholics, Schema 13, entitled *The Church in the Modern World*, is the most personally important item of all on the council's agenda. Sometimes with platitudes, sometimes with passion, the schema bravely touches on every social issue that troubles the hearts of men, from overpopulation to nuclear war, and summons Catholics to join with others in creating a new and better world.

Pursuit of Dialogue. Every section of the schema unfolds one or more ideas with revolutionary implications for Catholicism. The introduction notes the need for the church to recognize "the signs of the times." Chapter 1 warns that Christians should not reject this world for the sake of the next: "Anyone who is unwilling to be of service in the renewal of the world is seeking God in vain." A second chapter expresses Catholic willingness to renounce ancient rights when new circumstances demand it. In the third chapter, Christians are urged to "pursue the dialogue with all men of good will" in order to achieve justice on earth.

What will most intimately affect Catholics is the fourth chapter, a discussion of major world problems, which follows the tone and spirit of Pope John's encyclicals, *Mater et Magistra* and *Pacem in Terris*. A section on economic and social order amplifies John's dream of humane socialization; it argues that "economic development must in no case be left entirely to itself," and "the earth's goods are the common inheritance of the whole human race." A section on peace warns that "the use of nuclear weapons must be judged before God and man as most wicked." In a long and candid discussion of marriage, the schema emphasizes the quality of life brought to marriage through self-giving conjugal love rather than procreation, expresses the hope that future scientific discoveries will clear the way for church acceptance of some form of birth control. However, as Bishop Emilio Guano of Leghorn pointedly reminded the council after an audience with Pope Paul VI, the birth-control issue will ultimately be decided by the Pontiff himself after a special papal commission has completed a thorough study of new contraceptives.

Stronger & More Specific. During the discussion of Schema 13, there were many demands that it be made stronger and more specific. Montreal's Paul-Emile Cardinal Léger asked that it be stripped of all légal condemnations; Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro of Bologna



PETER HOWARD



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OCCIDENTAL LIFE
OF CALIFORNIA

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SUENENS & LEGER
Summons to a better world.

complained that the present text was too narrowly Occidental and European in viewpoint. The schema was attacked as unacceptable by Sicily's implacably conservative Ernesto Cardinal Ruffini and by Archbishop John Heenan of Westminster. Heenan charged that it had been written by clerics with no knowledge of the world, delivered a savage attack on theological experts at the council who would like to modify the church's position on birth control.

It is clear that the schema, which has already gone through nearly a dozen revisions since Belgium's Leo Josef Cardinal Suenens proposed it in the council's first session, will take more consideration than the bishops can give it before they adjourn Nov. 20. In fact, the Pope announced officially that he would convene a fourth session of the council. It is also clear that a vast majority of the bishops consider the passage of Schema 13 essential. Despite their reservations, they voted to accept it as a basis for discussion. "It is precisely in this document," says Dutch Dominican Edward Schillebeeckx, "that the proof will out: whether the institutional church considers herself the be-all and end-all, or whether she deems herself an instrument in the hands of Christ, at the service of all mankind."

EPISCOPALIANS

What's a Protestant?

Are Episcopalians Protestants? Yes, say Low Church evangelicals; no, answer High Church Anglo-Catholics. Last week delegates to the Episcopal General Convention in St. Louis tried to resolve this debate over what's in a name with a typically Anglican compromise: letting each faction in the church decide for itself what it wants to be called.

When the nation's Anglican divines in 1789 chose to call themselves "the Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S.A.," the name seemed like a suitable description. Originally applied to German Lutherans in 1529, "Protestant" then implied rejection of papal authority, which Anglicans had stood

for since Henry VIII: the word also paid tribute to the influence of Luther, Calvin and other Continental reformers on Anglican doctrine and liturgy. "Episcopal," on the other hand, was a reminder that Anglicanism preserved the ancient tradition of rule by bishops, and was still a branch of the "one, holy, Catholic and apostolic church." But ever since the middle of the 19th century, Anglo-Catholics have been trying to drop Protestant from the church's title, on the grounds that it had come to mean anti-Catholic rather than anti-papal. Because of its historic significance, evangelicals have fought just as hard to keep the word.

The Wrong Name? At the General Convention, the bishops this year sided with the High Churchmen. By a vote of 79 to 56, they passed a resolution proposing that "the official name of the church be changed by expunging the word Protestant from its title." After a stormy, three-hour debate in the House of Deputies, priests and lay delegates instead suggested adding a preamble to the church's constitution, recognizing "the Episcopal Church" as a lawful alternate designation and the term best suited for everyday use. Most of the delegates seemed pleased by the compromise, which merely sanctifies what Episcopalians have been doing for years, although some continued to argue that the resolution was an Anglo-Catholic coup. "There are a few deputies," muttered one Low Church bishop, "who feel that we are dropping the wrong name."

Hard feelings were also raised by church decisions on participation in the National Council of Churches and in the Negro struggle for civil rights. In the House of Deputies, delegates easily quashed a proposal by Southern churchmen to withdraw from the National Council because of its stands against school prayer and for civil rights. But the deputies compromised their support of the Council by urging Episcopal representatives "to seek to restrain the N.C.C. from efforts to influence specific legislation." Also in the interests of Southern harmony, lay deputies voted down a resolution, previously passed by the bishops, that recognized "the right of any person for reasons of conscience to disobey" laws that are "in basic conflict with the concept of human dignity under God."

Usurpation of Power. Harmony, as it happens, was the last thing the deputies achieved. The Anglo-Catholic publication *American Church News* denounced the vote as "an outrageous usurpation by the laity of the teaching function of the church," and as a slap at the "hundreds of courageous priests who have joined in the most significant social revolution of our time." Federal Judge Thurgood Marshall, first Negro to represent the Diocese of New York at the General Convention, thought so too. He walked out of the House of Deputies and went home.

THE FOUR DIMENSIONS OF FMC



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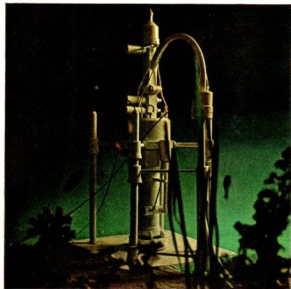
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THE THEATER

Blues for Mr. Wellington

Golden Boy, as Clifford Odets originally wrote it in 1937, posed the conflict of making good versus being good. The young hero, a violinist turned prizefighter, was guiltily aware of the betrayal of his better self. The new Broadway musical version drops that theme and chronicles the racially embittered saga of a kind of Negro Sammy Glick.

Joe Wellington (Sammy Davis) is a Harlem nobody who wants to be a Big Town somebody, a punk with a yen for a penthouse and all the other Cadillac-

FRIEDMAN-ARLES



DAVIS & WAYNE IN "GOLDEN BOY"
What makes Sammy walk.

to-caviar goodies. His aims would immediately classify him as the crassest sort of bourgeois philistine if the musical were not cloaked in the topical sanctity of racial protest.

Along with his other desires, Joe wants Lorna Moon (Paula Wayne), the white mistress of his married fight manager. The love story fails, partly because lovers must be appealing as lovers, interracial or not. Joe, stung by the white world's slights, is full of hate, and no more winning than any other angry young angry. The girl is not a girl but a soiled and weary woman who admits that men have come and gone in her life "like traffic through a tunnel." Typical of the show's erratic focus is Joe's response when he finally loses Lorna. He and the chorus launch not into a lover's lament but a rousing, anvil-hard hymn of civil righteousness: "I ain't bowin' down no more."

Only the dances, enhanced by some vibrantly lovely chorus girls, take the show out of its doldrums. The opening number in a training gym thrums to a Congo-like beat as Jaime Rogers paces the dancers with kinetic bodily grace, and his closing Big Fight ballet with Davis sizzles with supple ferocity. Sammy Davis, a remarkably versatile entertainer, is hobbled by a show that would rather preach than please.

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The soft drink from
the Continent.*

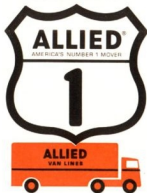


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YORK TOWN
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ART

ARTISTS

The Seven-Year Itch

The life mold of Gerald Murphy hardly seemed likely to form an artist. Andover-prepped, Yale-educated, Skull and Bones-tapped, Murphy was elected the best-dressed man in the class of 1911. He was so handsome and rich that F. Scott Fitzgerald patterned Dick Diver, the golden-boy hero of *Tender Is the Night*, after him. For 22 years, until his retirement in 1956, Murphy was president of Fifth Avenue's chic Mark Cross leather-goods store, which his father began. Until his death last week at 76, he never bought any modern art or hung anything more than one Léger in his house. But during one short period of his life, Gerald Murphy did ten paintings that by their precisionist style and representation of commonplace objects stunningly foreshadowed the best of today's pop art.

Art of Living. Murphy fell into art backward. After a stint in U.S. Army aviation during World War I, he tried studying landscape architecture at Harvard—and found the required drawing course a dreadful bore. So he and his wife Sara sailed to the expatriate paradise of Europe. There, in the words of Archibald MacLeish, the Murphys became “masters in the art of living.” Since the wine and the wit were always right, Stravinsky came to dinner, Léger showed them Paris night life, and Diaghilev invited them to his ballet.

One day, in a gallery window, Murphy discovered the cubist masters. He took art lessons from Diaghilev's designer, Natalia Goncharova, who would not let him paint anything recognizably real. Then he began to follow his own

bent, meticulously rendering real objects in a bright, orderly manner. His first painting, *Razor*, done in 1922, was a heraldic crossing of a safety razor and a fountain pen below a matchbox, backed up by angular cubist meanderings. Another painting, 6 ft. by 6 ft., showed giant watchworks. *Portrait* detailed Murphy's foot and its inky imprint, three true thumbprints, and a prototype profile of “Caucasian” man.

On Airplane Linen. By then, Léger had pronounced Murphy the only American painter in Paris. Murphy's 18-ft.-high *Boatdeck*, *Cunarder*, an immense evocation of exile in hard-edge boldness, caused a row at the 1924 *Salon des Indépendants* because it took up almost all the space that U.S. artists were allotted. Murphy worked tirelessly in a technique as meticulous as his detail. He used airplane linen, painstakingly mocked up his drawing before he picked up a brush. A cigar-box lid in *Cocktail* (1928), which plays bartenders' tools flat against the picture plane, took him four months to paint.

During the seven years that Murphy painted and thereafter, no honors, few shows and little comment came his way. In the big-league company of his good friends Picasso, Léger and Braque he perceived that he “was not going to be first-rate,” so he quit art with the argument that he “couldn't stand second-rate painting.” Just before he died, Murphy learned that his friend MacLeish had given his 1927 *Wasp and Pear* to Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. Murphy was greatly pleased; he had not known when he stopped painting that his art would ultimately help to link the bewildering present with the more settled past.

SCULPTURE

Entranced Anatomy

Only a century ago, a British archaeologist wrote with assurance: “There is no temptation to dwell at length on the sculpture of Hindustan. It affords no assistance in tracing the history of art, and its debased quality deprives it of all interest as a phase of fine art.” This pronouncement seemed to mean that 4,000 years of Indian sculpture was damnably hard to categorize, and that its frank eroticism dismayed Victorian minds. But today's scholars are drawn to it as surely as bees to an orchid. Indian sculpture in the period from 2500 B.C. to A.D. 1500 is a hothouse wonder, an other-worldly idea clad in contemporary curves.

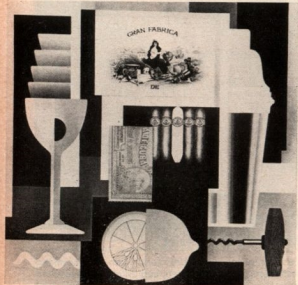
Fertility in Trees. The canons of Indian sculpture, unlike those of Greek, had little concern for scientific human anatomy. Their manuals of esthetic guidance, the *sāstras*, taught more how to reveal divinity than how to relate a *latissimus dorsi*. The Indian sculptor built up the contours of the body from intuition and from devotion. Art in India is religion, and India's gods would have no existence on earth except for their portraiture. Now a selection of nearly 20 tons of sculpted divinity, collected by the Cleveland Museum of Art, is touring U.S. museums.*

Nature and the gods intertwine in Hinduism, India's dominant religion, which makes trees natural-enough symbols of god-granted fertility in a hot, dusty country. But sculptors did not copy trees, even when they meant to depict them. Instead, the artists pursued a metaphysical that showed dryads called yakshis (see opposite page) embracing trees in a union of the soul and the divine. Bulbous breasts, swelling hips and crescent thighs are drawn more from the idea of fertility than from womanly shapeliness. If the sculptors made their female goddesses hyperanatomic bombs, they were emphasizing perfection in divine terms.

Divinity as Beauty. Lips lift in a sublime smile, torsos twist into reverse curves that enliven flesh, and ornament clings to smoothly modeled skin like a caress of art given to nature. Beauty was a reflection of divinity, just as the slender saints that adorn Chartres cathedral are the disembodied spirits of medieval Christianity.

Indian sculptors were expected to identify with their art in a mastered state of trance. The image would then be the result of the sculptor's ecstasy: his trance guided his chisel. All this seemed strange to Western man—unless he happened to recall that Fra Angelico knelt in prayer before he could begin his lustrous panels.

* Already seen at San Francisco's M. H. De Young Memorial Museum and at the Seattle Art Museum Pavilion, the show travels on from Cleveland to New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art and from there to the Honolulu Academy of Arts.



“COCKTAIL”

From a postwar bore to pre-pop.



YALE'S BEST-DRESSED

indian divinities in sandstone



WOOD NYMPH, or vrikshaka, twines her torso in pose celebrating trees, whose worship was common in India in 11th century.



MOTHER GODDESS, dating from "medieval" period of Indian art, turns voluptuous bulk into a sinuous exercise in linear grace.

SHOW BUSINESS

ACTORS

A Beginning Writer

Richard Burton has long insisted that he would rather be a writer than an actor. Last summer, Condé Nast's *Glamour* magazine sent him a timid feeler asking if he might like to write a story for the Christmas issue. The idea appealed to Burton's repressed ambition, and he set to work in longhand. The

HENRY CRUICKSHANK



BURTON & WIFE
In search of Sister.

result, which will next month become his first published short story, is anything but an embarrassment. It is worth every farthing he was paid for it. "He gets \$500," says *Glamour's* Feature Editor Marilyn Mercer, "which is a very good price for a beginning writer."

Harbinger of Death. Burton's tale is about a Christmas in his village in Wales. It is written in the first person and is so faithfully autobiographical that he does not even bother to change his own name. On this Christmas Eve, old Mad Dan, "the local agnostic," has deliberately kept his little nephew Richard out with a group of miners until the hour is so late that the boy grows suspicious.

At home, he remembers, Mrs. Tabor T.B. has been visiting all day. Mrs. Tabor is called T.B. because all of her eight children died of tuberculosis in their teens. She is a local harbinger of death. Surely the reason he has been kept out so late is that death is coming to his family too.

"Is my sister dying, Mad Dan?" I said.

"We are all dying. She'll last the night."

Green-Eyed Gypsy. Burton handles his narrative with considerable story-telling skill. The revelation it turns on is that, despite the fateful presence of Mrs. Tabor T.B., a birth is occurring in his home rather than the death he suspects. Along the way he flashes a prose that is occasionally quite memorable, as when he explains why any boy in the valley would want to grow up to be a miner: "There was, you understand, the ambition for the walk of the miners in

corduroy trousers, with yorks under the knees to stop the loose coal running down into your boots and the rats from running up inside your trousers, and the lamp in the cap on the head, and the bandy muscle-bound strut of the lords of the coalface."

Curiously, he even manages to work Elizabeth Taylor into the story. It comes in the form of a fond description of the hero's sister. "When my mother died, she, my sister, had become my mother, and more mother to me than any mother could ever have been. I was immensely proud of her. I shone in the reflection of her green-eyed black-haired gypsy beauty . . . She was innocent and guileless and infinitely protectable. She was naive to the point of saintliness and wept a lot at the misery of others. She felt all tragedies except her own. I knew that I had a bounden duty to protect her above all other creatures. It wasn't until thirty years later, when I saw her in another woman, that I realized I had been searching for her all my life."

TELEVISION

The Girl with the Necromantic Nose

Many a man is convinced that a witch lives under his roof. With the arrival of the present TV season, many another is probably wishing that he could exchange his incumbent hag for Elizabeth Montgomery. Pretty and blonde with a turned-up nose, she hardly suggests cauldrons full of rat guts and eels, but she plays a thoroughbred sorceress married to an advertising executive on ABC's *Bewitched*.

An otherwise normal, happy young housewife, she can clean up a filthy kitchen with half a second's witchcraft or even help a neighbor's awkward kid to become a star Little League pitcher, as she was doing last week. She casts her spells not with a wave of a wand but with a twitch of her nose in a unique and peculiar manner that seems to be half allergy and half tic douloureux. Nowhere has the twitch worked better, apparently, than on the early reports of the ratings systems, for *Bewitched* is the surprising runaway champion of all the new TV shows.

On the Team. Thus Elizabeth Montgomery, like the little pitcher whose fantastic curve balls and looping sliders she was conjuring last week, has in a sense finally made the team herself after years of overhearing the snickers of the other players. The daughter of Robert Montgomery, she has been an actress for 13 years, but never in anything that could be called a hit. In show business many people have been almost too eager to characterize her as a living dull, getting parts only because of her father. *Bewitched* has set her up on her own, albeit on a broom.

Before she became sensitive about it,

she used to say, "My art belongs to daddy," and similar things that would make corn blush. Born in 1933, she was raised in Hollywood. When her father moved to Manhattan to become a television star, she went to the Spence School and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. She made her professional debut in 1951 on *Robert Montgomery Presents*, playing opposite her father in a spy story. He did not think that he was uncovering a great talent and in fact tried to discourage her from becoming an actress, hoping that she would be sensible like her brother, who is now a customer's man in a Wall Street brokerage firm. When she would not be dissuaded, he gave her plenty of roles.

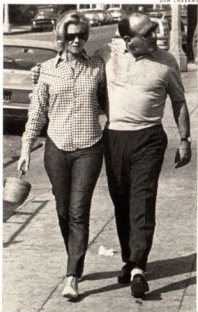
Out of the Book. Since then, taking with her everywhere the filial shadow, she has done over 200 TV shows, a Broadway play (*Late Love* with Arlene Francis in 1953) and three movies (she was Dean-o Martin's fiancée in *Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?*).

She has been a divorcee herself a couple of times. Her first husband was Freddie Cammann, Harvard '51, descendant of Albert Gallatin, fourth Secretary of the Treasury. Since Elizabeth was only an actor's daughter, she knocked Freddie out of the *Social Register* when she married him in 1954, just as Robert Montgomery himself had depaginated Buffy Harkness when he married her in 1950.

Cammann was not out of the book long. Elizabeth divorced him in 1955, then was married for six years to Actor Gig Young. Her current husband is William Asher, who directs *Bewitched*. They live in Malibu with their infant son and a Siamese cat named Zip-Zip.

She no longer gives interviews to

DON CRAVENS



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On top with witchcraft.

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Louis Weisberg



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magazines that are doing spreads on children of famous parents. She is her own girl. "Her father is a Republican," says Gig Young, reminiscing fondly, "and she is probably a Democrat." She may soon be worth a fortune on her own too. As a part owner of *Bewitched*, she gets 20% of the show's profits, which will amount to about \$2,000,000 if the program lasts for three seasons, which it probably will.

PLAYWRIGHTS

Allegory of Any Place

Because nothing is too good for their children, a man and his wife have installed in their home a \$30,000 Happy-life Electrodynamic Playroom. Through intricate projections, odor machines and so on, the room is capable of becoming any place on earth that the children want to visit, including every sort of hanging garden and bower of bliss in the bibliography of never-never lands. The children, deprived of human love by the machine substitute, elect a sterner environment. They turn the room into a dry and baking swatch of the African veldt. In the end, they lock their parents in there, where a pride of hungry lions tears the adults to pieces.

This is the story of *The Veldt*, a new short play by Ray Bradbury which, with two other Bradbury one-acters, has just opened in Los Angeles. As the world's best science fiction writer, author of *The Martian Chronicles* and Hollywood's *It Came From Outer Space*, Bradbury has come to think that the world has actually entered the machine-dominated sci-fi era and that the human soul is already deep in an electronic coma. Hence his plays, though they are set in the future, are actually hyperbolic allegories of the present.

New Shores. In the second play, for instance, a couple of pedestrians are stopped by a cop car which contains no cops, only whirring machines with tiny electric brains. In the third, Bradbury postulates one man who alone among the scattered survivors of a thermonuclear holocaust remembers the civilization that preceded it. But somehow he can remember only material minutiae—candy wrappers, imitation flowers, the dashboard of a Cadillac.

Ray Bradbury obviously is one of the world's most visionary reactionaries. His enmity to the automobile is so basic that, although he owns two, he never drives and does not even know how. He rides a bicycle and has yet to make his first flight in a jet. He got rid of his first electric typewriter because he couldn't stand all the hmms and uh's it was saying in reaction to his stories.

Out of Mushrooms. At 44, he makes more than \$50,000 a year, but he lives conservatively in a modest house with his wife and four daughters. His father was a lineman for a power company in Waukegan, Ill., and his own education stopped at the high school level. He has

Bob Burnham's cracking the whip again

(Down at the Community Chest meeting)



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OF ELECTIONS
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Secret thoughts on a dry day

"...bet I just cast the deciding vote... really should reward myself...I'll have a White Horse Scotch* as soon as the polls close."

**People all over the world are drinking it up. Only one bottle in five ever reaches America. A sobering thought.*



SCENE FROM "THE VELVET"
Death in the HappyLife Playroom.

never studied physics, chemistry, or any of the other primary disciplines of science fiction, but his imagination more than makes up. "Where do you get your ideas?" someone once asked him. Bradbury was eating a mushroom in a restaurant at the time. "Anywhere," was his answer. "There's a story in mushrooms." There was, too. He wrote it that afternoon—all about mushrooms that were actually visitors from another planet, using mycological disguise in order to get inside earthling bodies and take over the world. The story later was turned into a memorable half-hour of TV by Alfred Hitchcock.

Bradbury wrote the excellent script of John Huston's movie version of *Moby Dick*; and his novel *Dandelion Wine* was a firm, straightforward remembrance of a youth in Illinois. His science fiction, however, has drawn him into a world he never dreamed of entering. Ingmar Bergman corresponds with him. François Truffaut is writing the scenario for the movie version of his novel *Fahrenheit 451*. Christopher Isherwood has compared Bradbury to Edgar Allan Poe. And Ilya Ehrenburg says that he is one of the five most popular American writers in the Soviet Union, along with Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck and Spillane.

His view of the future is not all depressive. When he lifts his eyes above earth-gushing highway departments and bovine people licking corporate salt, he sees the rockets of the space age that he dreamed of in Waukegan as a little boy. "This is mankind's chance to be immortal," he says. "We're going to travel into space and live forever. Our children's children shall live a million miles away. It took us one billion years to form a spinal cord, and now we're going to leave this shore and go off to another planet. It's like being there the day the first fish crawled out on land."

A statement concerning the character of Lyndon B. Johnson and his qualifications as President of the United States



In recent weeks I have become increasingly concerned by the direction and the tenor of the campaign. I had earlier, after many quiet and searching hours, made a personal decision. I had determined, despite my regular affiliation, that I would cast my vote for Lyndon B. Johnson. It was a choice to be exercised in the silence and secrecy of a voting booth. It had not been in my mind to make my decision public.

However, as I followed the course of the campaign, I felt I must speak out.

You and I must make choices. In the life and future of our nation, you and I and our countrymen, past and present, have chosen that our country shall assume a position of leadership in world affairs. To a large extent, therefore, the fate of the world depends upon the choice we now make in this republic.

What we do will mean that we are or are not the major deterrent to international conflict.

What we do means that we can or cannot help to achieve economic security for the Free World.

As the principal supplier of monetary resources, we as a nation are the key-stone to international liquidity. Upon us depends the adequacy of sound currencies for industrial develop-

ment and the capability of maintaining high levels of capital investment and productivity. The maintenance of this position is indispensable to the economic well-being and the defense of the Free World.

As the principal arsenal of free men, we have the absolute responsibility of determining whether or not the awesome weapons of destruction should or should not be employed. These are the kinds of responsibility that weigh relentlessly upon the chief executive of our country. There is no burden in all the world that is comparable. The demands are superhuman.

My support for President Johnson stems from the belief that the peace and economic well-being of our country will be best served by his leadership. I have had the privilege of knowing and working with him (a great part of the time as a member of the opposition) since 1935.

He is a man of character and high purpose. He is a man of highest integrity. His statesmanship has been proved.

There is no one immune to criticism. This includes the best of us. But I believe that his experience, his knowledge of world affairs and his burning desire to maintain peace and economic and social well-being for all of the people who cherish freedom, lead to the conclusion that he should

be the choice of the American people for the Presidency of the United States.

I know from experience that he will seek the counsel of objective and fair-minded men and women in those fields of endeavor which are the concern of the office of the Presidency—that he will put his nation and the welfare of its people first, that he will demonstrate courage and resourcefulness, and that he will not be frightened nor will he be belligerent.

The prestige of the high office of the Presidency of the United States must be dedicated to the best interests of a nation's people and an international community of free men who in their hearts and conscience and through the labor of their hands and minds, want to remain free. This, I believe, is President Johnson's objective.

I cannot bring myself to a denunciation of those who might differ with my judgment, but I can only appeal to the reasoning of every man and woman who must make the same responsible choice that all of us are making now. I have made my choice for President Johnson. In the interest of our country, the community of free nations and the welfare of mankind, I hope that in your heart, in your mind and in your conscience, you will do the same.

Robert B. Anderson
ROBERT B. ANDERSON

Robert B. Anderson — Secretary of the Navy, Deputy Secretary of Defense, Secretary of the Treasury in the Administration of Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Committee for Responsible Leadership, John L. Loeb, Chairman, Carl M. Mueller, Vice Chairman, Edward J. Kelly, Secretary, Hunter Goodrich, Jr., Treasurer, Maxwell M. Raab, Counsel.

THE LAW

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

The Rage to Remove

What do a Brooklyn gambler, a Manhattan cop, a Harlem politician, the mother of Massachusetts' Governor and hundreds of civil rights workers from Florida to Mississippi have in common? Answer: all are trying to remove the various criminal charges against them from state to federal courts. They are caught up in a headlong trend that intrigues lawyers, alarms judges, and is certain soon to confront the Supreme Court with some of the thorniest state-federal conflicts in U.S. legal history.

Rightly or wrongly, many lawyers re-

But the civil rights revolution has raised sharp questions. Where can a Mississippi Negro, for example, seek relief if the state denies him a fair trial and a federal judge refuses to listen? Must he travel the long road through the state courts to the U.S. Supreme Court? All over the South, arrested civil rights workers have complained that the tradition of immediate remand denies them federal hearings in cases of obviously violated constitutional rights. The answer to their complaint is Title IX of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which now permits remands to be appealed to U.S. courts of appeals.

Spurred by the promise of Title IX,

under unfamiliar rules. Fearful of losing, the prosecutors may well drop many such cases—a prospect that delights University of Pennsylvania Law Professor Anthony Amsterdam, a leading civil rights lawyer, who argues that most rights cases are "harassment prosecutions that should never have been brought in the first place."

Already the removal threat has forced prosecutors in Mississippi and other Southern states to start bargaining with rights lawyers ("If you don't try to remove, I'll give you a continuance"). An Atlanta Negro lawyer is optimistic: "The time may come when state courts will adjudicate these issues so responsibly that it will not be necessary to go into federal court."

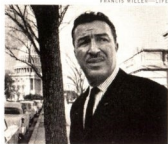
Hide-and-Seek. But if removal is a potent weapon against local injustice, prosecution lawyers also see it as a Pandora's box. In Brooklyn, for example, Gambler Seymour Kaminetsky has just petitioned for removal to federal court after being held in contempt for refusal to testify before a local grand jury. Last week a federal judge remanded Kaminetsky's case on the grounds that "a state court should not be rendered impotent whenever a litigant therein disagrees with its procedure." Under Title IX, Kaminetsky may be able to appeal and stay out of jail for months.

Such is the removal fad that Harlem Congressman Adam Clayton Powell's latest gimmick for evading a \$46,500 libel judgment against him is to claim (under Title 28's Section 1442) that he must be defended by the Justice Department in a federal court because a state court is interfering with his duties as a federal "officer." Though unlikely to get Justice Department support, Powell has thus used removal as a new way to play legal hide-and-seek. Hundreds of such ploys may sprout all over the country. To balance soundly the good and bad aspects of removal is likely to give the Supreme Court a hair-splitting headache.

28 U. S. C. § 1443 (1958)

§ 1443. *Civil rights cases.*

Any of the following civil actions or criminal prosecutions,



HARLEM'S POWELL



BOSTON'S PEABODY

TITLE IX—INTERVENTION AND PROCEDURE AFTER REMOVAL IN CIVIL RIGHTS CASES

SEC. 901. Title 28 of the United States Code, section 1447(d), is

ward federal courts as fairer than state courts. "The judges are honest, the jurors are brighter," says one lawyer bluntly. Certain kinds of cases, such as some suits between citizens of different states, have always been removable to federal courts. But the states are supposed to handle the vast bulk of U.S. litigation. To states' rights advocates, Congress went haywire after the Civil War when it set out to prevent the abuse of Negroes by extending the "removal" right, under what is now Title 28, Section 1443 of the U.S. Code, to what looked at first like a sweeping category of civil and criminal cases that involved alleged state denial of equal rights.

Flooding the Courts. Alarmed at the potential damage to state courts, the Supreme Court, beginning in the 1870s, sharply limited the right of removal to cases involving clearly unconstitutional state laws, such as a murder law prescribing a life sentence for whites and death for Negroes. U.S. district judges got in the habit of sending removed cases back to state courts for trial, and when a defendant's case was thus remanded, he had no right to appeal the federal judge's order.

which became effective in July, more and more remand appeals have plagued the South's Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals. The cases range from trumped-up traffic violations against Mississippi rights workers to group petitions for several hundred defendants (including Massachusetts' Mrs. Malcolm Peabody, the Governor's mother) who were involved in last spring's racial demonstrations in St. Augustine, Fla.

Dismay & Delight. So new is this phenomenon that the appellate court has yet to rule on the merits of a single appeal, and the defendants, as a result, are free on bail. Now there is a prickly prospect that federal courts may be deluged with every single state case bearing the slightest alleged connection to civil rights. In short, Title IX might turn out to be a gateway through which much state-court business will vanish.

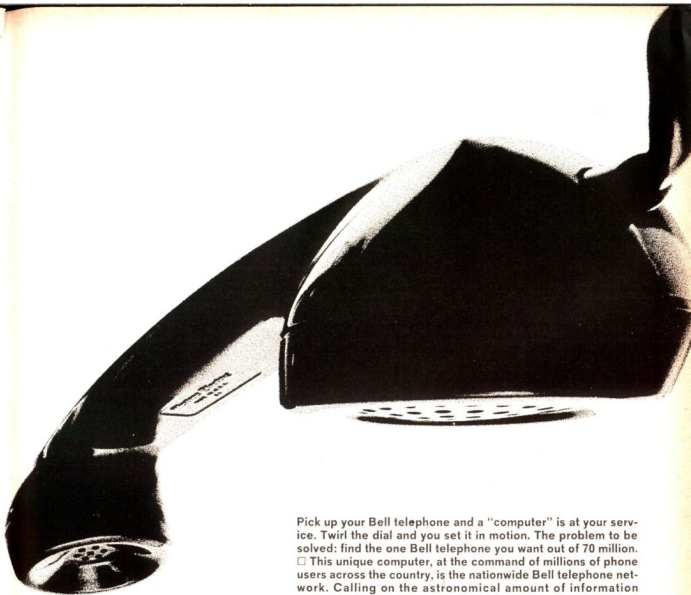
Civil rights leaders are ecstatic at the possibilities. "It's a tremendous device—how to screw up the system in one easy lesson," says a Florida lawyer. "Anyone who wants to can delay a case for two years." Moreover, successful removal means that state prosecutors must try rights cases in federal courts

LAW SCHOOLS

Stanford's Shiny Fish


In its search for a replacement for retiring Law Dean Carl B. Spaeth, Stanford University managed to maintain its record as a ferocious raider of Ivy League faculties. Yale's bright, articulate Bayless Manning, 41, rolled into Palo Alto last summer completely equipped with wife, four children, a black Porsche sports car, a worn set of Shakespeare, an Egyptian statue, a dagger that had been used in a Philippine murder and a rapidly expanding reputation as one of the busiest young legal scholars in the business. Manning's former boss, Yale Law Dean Eugene V. Rostow, had already given warning of the prodigy he was sending west: "Manning is one of the shiniest fish ever to come out of the sea. He has the drive, charm and quickness to do anything."

Bay Manning has been what Rostow



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WESTERN ELECTRIC



BAYLESS MANNING
A dean with a dream.

calls "a phenomenon" ever since he huddled out of Fall River (Mass.) High School in 1940 with a scholarship and the intellectual agility to race through Yale at the head of his class only two years later. At 19, having learned Japanese with no visible effort, he became one of the Army cryptanalysts who helped to break the Japanese naval code, which cleared the decks for U.S. victory at Midway. When he graduated from Yale Law School in 1949, he was again No. 1 in his class and editor in chief of the *Law Journal*. After he clerked for Supreme Court Justice Stanley Reed, even that usually restrained jurist marked Manning as "exceptionally brilliant."

No Sulking. What admirers call his "orderly intellect" persuaded Manning to spurn Wall Street for faster progress with a big Cleveland law firm. In six years, he became not only a formidable young corporation lawyer, but also a part-time political scientist at Western Reserve University and a leading spirit of the Cleveland Metropolitan Service Commission. When Yale made him a law professor at 33, the Cleveland Plain Dealer lamented the departure of "a young man with an admirable civic conscience."

At Yale, Manning churned out pioneering articles on corporation law, organized lively seminars on everything from state governments to Latin American jurisprudence. He rebuilt a Connecticut farmhouse with his own hands, found time to draft the state's new corporation law and persuade the state legislature to enact it. Fluent in Spanish, to say nothing of Norwegian and Japanese, Manning helped to organize the Peace Corps program in Latin America, did research for the CIA, helped to draft the 1962 Trade Extension Act, toiled for NATO on the problems of a multinational nuclear force and hit

the banquet trail as the Yale law faculty's most zealous rustler of alumni cash. Through it all, Manning stayed as cool and witty as ever. "He never bristles or sulks," says Rostow, "and he needs no soothing."

Well-Threaded Outrage. Dean Manning sees Stanford Law (enrollment: 420) as "verging on the greatness of a Yale or a Harvard," exults in a five-fold rise in applications since 1958 that gives the school a golden chance for selectivity. He has expensive ambitions: a \$1,500,000 expansion of the school's skimpy law library, ten more teachers to allow the present 20-man faculty to branch out into such fields as international trade and Soviet law. Although the university itself has just raised a record \$113 million, Manning will need even more to fulfill his dream of "a great law school"—one that simultaneously trains working lawyers, leads in reforming the law, joins all scholars in philosophical inquiry and produces citizens "with a special capacity for outrage at injustice."

Already hard at work shaking Stanford-leaning money trees, Manning will also teach and do research on "how to preserve the integrity of local governments midst a burgeoning national economy and a roaring national economy." If all this fails to keep him busy, he will doubtless turn up reorganizing California's education industry, while working out solutions for Southeast Asia in his spare time.

THE SUPREME COURT

Discretion on De Facto

Are school boards constitutionally obliged to remedy school segregation caused by housing patterns? No, implied the Supreme Court last spring when it refused to review a lower-court decision permitting the Gary, Ind., board to ignore *de facto* segregation. Are school boards constitutionally empowered to remedy *de facto* if they wish to? Yes, implied the Supreme Court when it refused to review a decision last week by the New York Court of Appeals.

Unlike Gary, New York City's board of education had deliberately made pupils' race a consideration as it tried to

"balance" a *de facto* school. It drew the attendance zone for a new Brooklyn junior high school in such a way that its pupils were equally divided among Negroes, Puerto Ricans and "others," which is the board's euphemistic term for non-Puerto Rican whites. But four white parents claimed that the plan set up a racial quota system that violated a state education law against school racial discrimination. Not so, countered the board, arguing that the so-called quota was designed only to balance the new school at the beginning. After that, the school would be open to any child of any race who lived in or moved into the school's area.

A trial court ruled against the board, but the state's highest court found that the school zoning plan was fair, reasonable, and carefully aimed at avoiding segregation rather than enforcing it. Given such circumstances, ruled the court, the board is constitutionally permitted to zone new schools on the basis of race "in addition to other relevant factors." By refusing to review either the Gary or New York decisions, the only such cases that have thus far reached it, the Supreme Court, as predicted (TIME, Sept. 18), has held in effect that the Constitution currently gives school boards broad discretion to treat *de facto* as local wisdom dictates.

JURIES

The Missing Case of Loving

The law has so few customers in West Texas' oil-rich, 647-sq.-mi. Loving County that no one has been put in jail there for the past five years. So isolated are Loving's 160 citizens that the county seat of Mentone (pop. 50) was once suggested as the ideal place to get an impartial jury for Jack Ruby. Just how miserable that move would have made Loving was made clear in a rare order just handed down by State District Judge J. H. Starley. Confronted with a troublesome property deed case in Mentone, Judge Starley counted up Loving's grand total of 80 qualified jurors and banished the case to another county on the unusual ground that he could not possibly muster a Loving jury "without completely closing down the economic life of the county."

CHARLES MCCARTY



COUNTY COURTHOUSE IN MENTONE
A trial could be an ordeal.



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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Changing Patterns

Measured by almost any gauge, editorial response to the 1964 presidential race defies the patterns of the past. Ordinarily, most papers reserve their endorsements for the final weeks of the campaign; this year side choosing began in July. Despite such evidence of strong and early partisan sentiment, more newspapers than ever before have decided to endorse neither candidate; a poll by *Editor & Publisher* magazine shows that one in three papers is a fence sitter, as against one in four in 1960. And a press establishment that has been as high as 67.3% Republican (in 1962, only 57.7% in 1960) has made Lyndon Johnson the first Democratic presidential candidate in modern times to get a majority of editorial support.

Conceal the Chorus. Behind these statistics, other patterns have taken shape. The illusion of neutrality, for instance, was only that, since nearly all of the fence-sitting papers have made plain which way they lean. And the unprecedented volume of Johnson endorsement could not conceal the fact that the chorus of approval fell noticeably short of enthusiasm.

The papers were not wild about Lyndon; they were wildly against Barry. Under an editorial headed "Lyndon Johnson for President," the San Francisco Chronicle did little more than tee off on Goldwater: "We are convinced that Barry Goldwater's political way of life contradicts almost everything the Chronicle has stood and fought for."

Catching the Small Fry. As the final tally took shape, Johnson seemed to be getting most of the big papers and Barry most of the little ones. Last week, for example, along with the Chronicle, Johnson got the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, the Milwaukee Journal and the Detroit Free Press—which had to break a 15-week silence to register its choice. Strike-bound since July (see following story), the Free Press ran off several hundred copies of its presidential endorsement and sent them to wire services and community leaders. Goldwater, in the meanwhile, picked up such smaller papers as the Springfield, Mass., Union, the Titusville, Pa., Herald and the Newburgh, N.Y., Evening News.

But besides the big ones, Johnson has also landed his share of small fry: last week he gained the Utica, N.Y., Observer-Dispatch and the five-paper Lindsay-Schaub chain in Illinois. And Barry Goldwater has made a few big catches. His papers now include the Los Angeles Times, the Chicago Tribune, the Cincinnati Enquirer, the Oakland, Calif., Tribune and the Richmond News Leader.

STRIKES

15th Week in Detroit

Detroit has had nine newspaper strikes in nine years, but never before has a shutdown lasted longer than the one that muffled the News and the Free Press 15 weeks ago. And never before has the prospect of settlement looked bleaker. Except for minor concessions, the two sides remained just as far apart as they were when Freeman Frazee, president of the Detroit printing pressmen's union, led his men off both papers—an exodus joined by one other union, the paper and plate handlers. "Smoky" Frazee has clung stubbornly to his demands, which include premium pay for pressmen working

J. EDWARD BAILY



FREEMAN FRAZEE
Indifference to silence.

ing Saturdays. The papers have been equally adamant in refusing them.

The strike has had a curious reaction: each passing week made it clearer that Detroit was not only able to get along without its main papers; it did not even seem to miss them. Instead of mourning the loss of important advertising outlets, the city's merchants have merely increased their ad budgets in the suburban press. Department-store sales for August-September are up by 15% over the same months a year ago. Allied Theaters, an association of movie houses, which might once have regarded newspaper ads as vital crowd-collectors, reported its best summer yet.

Public indifference to the strike is so general, in fact, that Governor George Romney seems to be the only man in Michigan working overtime to end it. But the Governor's special Strike Commission gave up in despair, called it "a naked power struggle, increasing in intensity as the strike is prolonged."

The silence of the News and the Free Press has hurt Romney less than it has

hurt Neil Staebler, his Democratic opponent, who needs a big-city sounding board because Democratic office seekers must count on a heavy Wayne County majority (Detroit and suburbs) to offset the strongly Republican vote elsewhere in the state. Thus there was little surprise last week when the effort to solve the strike was shifted to Washington—where influential Democrats are presumably eager to come to the help of Neil Staebler. Both sides were invited to air their grievances before a panel of federal mediators.

It was the first slightly optimistic note in the impasse. No one was yet ready to say that the end to Detroit's longest and bitterest newspaper strike was even in sight but both sides at least were talking.

MAGAZINES

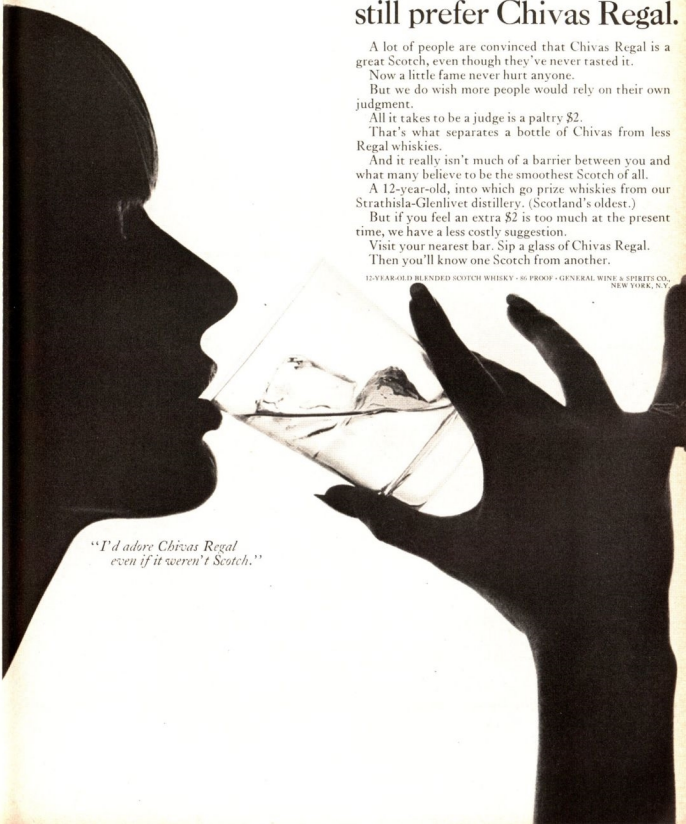
Looking for a Solution

The special meeting of Curtis Publishing Co.'s 15-man board had been called to find a tidy solution to a very untidy corporate problem: the revolt against President and Board Chairman Matthew J. Culligan (TIME, Oct. 16), who had been accused of mismanagement by a 17-man crew led by Editor in Chief Clay Blair Jr. and Marvin D. Kantor, head of the magazine division. But last week's action by the board added up to something less than a final solution.

Out as president and chief executive officer, stepped Joe Culligan—although he was allowed to stay on as board chairman. Installed as a new Curtis executive vice president was Raymond DePue McGranahan, 50, onetime president of the Wilshire Oil Co. in Los Angeles and, until his resignation last summer, a vice president of the Times-Mirror Co., whose properties include the Los Angeles Times.

Kantor and Blair, who were suspended from duty after the rebellion came to light, remained in limbo. Also suspended "for the good of the company" were Norman Ritter, assistant managing editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and Thomas R. Marvel, the magazine's production chief. The other dissident executives remained on their jobs. No one took Culligan's place as president; that breach was temporarily filled by Executive Vice President John McLean Clifford, a Culligan appointee. Boston Financier Serge Semenenko, who put together last year's consortium of banks that lent Curtis \$35 million, continued to insist he had made a good investment. Curtis, said Semenenko, "can be restored to health."

In Los Angeles, Curtis's new director, Raymond McGranahan, asked a favor of newsmen. "Please don't call me a troubleshooter," he said. "That has a bad connotation, and also troubleshooters are expendable. I'm in the position to help Curtis with their problems. They have more problems than it's fair for anyone to have at one time."



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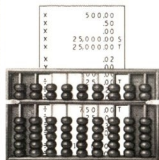
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MILESTONES

Married. Jean Ronald Getty, 34, Jean Paul's son, who runs the German subsidiary (Veedol) of daddy's Tidewater Oil Co.; and Karin Seibl, 21, daughter of a German appliance wholesaler; in Hamburg.

Died. William Jackson, 59, librarian of Harvard's famed rare-book Houghton Library, known to his colleagues as "Our Grand Acquisitor," who trebled the library's collection of historical and literary documents and tracked down a copy of the first book printed on each of the seven continents; of a heart attack; in Boston.

Died. Marshal Sergei Biryuzov, 60, Chief of the General Staff and third in command of the Soviet Army, one of Russia's top missile experts; in a plane crash that killed six other high-ranking officers; near Belgrade, where they were to celebrate the anniversary of Yugoslavia's liberation from the Nazis.

Died. James P. Mitchell, 63, Eisenhower's Secretary of Labor, who won union applause by opposing right-to-work laws and boosting the minimum wage to \$1 an hour, but had less success with the voters in New Jersey, losing the 1961 race for Governor to Democrat Richard Hughes; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

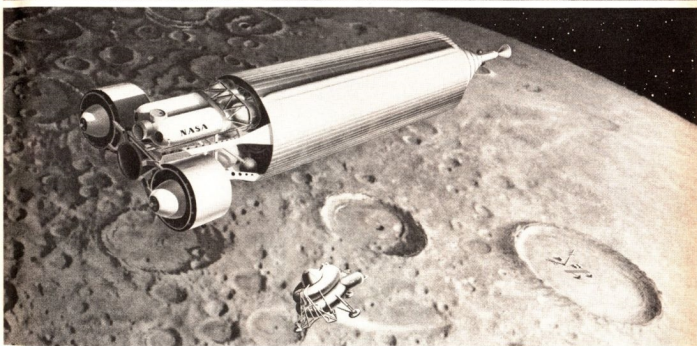
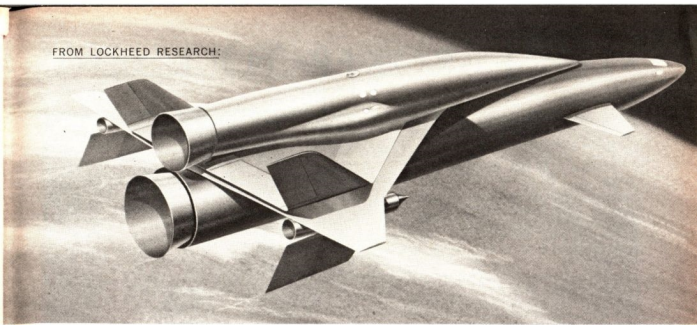
Died. Frank Luther Mott, 78, dean of Missouri's School of Journalism from 1942 to 1951, historian of the U.S. press (*A History of American Magazines: American Journalism, 1690-1950*), author of an entertaining study of the country's alltime bestselling books (*Golden Multitudes*); in Columbia, Mo.

Died. Charles Seabrook, 83, pioneer in frozen foods, a New Jersey farmer who in 1930 packed lima beans in dry ice, after finding that they thawed fresh as ever, teamed up with Seafood Freezer Clarence Birdseye to perfect the quick-freezing of vegetables, icing away everything from spinach to succotash under 150 labels (best known: Snow Crop, Seabrook Farms), to build a \$25 million annual business; after a long illness; in Deerfield, N.J.

Died. Herbert Hoover, 90, 31st President of the U.S.; in Manhattan (see *THE NATION*).

Died. Herman Doehler, 92, inventor of modern die-casting, who in 1906 patented a process for injecting molten metal under pressure between the halves of a steel die that proved quicker and more precise than hand-poured sand castings, thus paving the way for mass production of all manner of products and making Doehler Die Casting Co. (later Doehler-Jarvis) the biggest in the field; of uremia; in Manhattan.

FROM LOCKHEED RESEARCH:



Shuttle service to space station and moon base

Looking well beyond the immediate goals of its man-in-space program, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration is already at work on the practical aspects of supporting manned space stations and moon bases. Here, for example, are two advanced studies Lockheed research recently completed for NASA:

From Lockheed-California Company comes a concept for a reusable orbital transport (*top illustration*). It would carry 10 passengers on regular schedules between earth and space station. The two-stage craft would take off horizontally on a rocket-powered ground sled.

After boosting the vehicle into the upper atmosphere, the lower stage would separate and be flown back to earth by its two-man crew. The upper stage would continue to its rendezvous with the space station, then be flown back to earth with returning passengers.

Design for a reusable lunar ferry (*bottom illustration*) was developed by Lockheed Missiles & Space Company. Once put into orbit around earth, it

would make round trips to the moon for many years. The command module, bringing passengers up from earth, would lock onto the ferry. Driven by nuclear power, the ferry would go into orbit around the moon 72 hours later. Upon return to earth, the command module would again detach, while the ferry would be left in orbit, there to be serviced and refueled for the next flight.

Typical examples of the research afoot throughout Lockheed. Both demonstrate the unique ability of America's great aerospace companies to put research results to practical use.

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U.S. BUSINESS

J. EDWARD BAILEY

THE ECONOMY

Still Robust in the Third

Profit for everyone—this is what our profit system, our private enterprise system, our private risk system can and must accomplish.

—Frederick R. Kappel

As it speeds toward the end of the most prosperous year in history, the U.S. economy has gone far toward reaching that goal. After 44 months of heady expansion, in which corporate profits have soared about 50%, U.S. companies last week began releasing third-quarter earnings that guaranteed more shattered records—and then some. Profit figures in the third quarter rose 20% to pass \$32 billion for the first time.

This well-being has been profitable for the entire economy, as corporations spend and expand, but it has also been shared in more specific ways. Personal income has risen steadily, and many executives will come in for fat bonuses this year. Last week the Commerce Department reported that cash dividends to stockholders have increased 10% since the first of the year.

Nearly every industry is setting new marks. Robust increases were reported by such varied companies as Alcoa (up 19% over 1963's third quarter), American Cyanamid (24%), Caterpillar Tractor (76%), Continental Can (26%), Eastman Kodak (39%), IBM (12%), Polaroid (83%) and Weyerhaeuser (123%). Steelmakers, who face labor negotiations next spring, were pleased but slightly red-faced about their spectacular profits: Republic up 79%, Jones & Laughlin up 97%, Youngstown Sheet & Tube up 180%.

There were also losers, of course. While American Tobacco and Liggett & Myers forged ahead with sizable earnings increases, Lorillard slipped in nine-month earnings despite a third-quarter gain and R. J. Reynolds suffered a 12% setback in profits. Strikes caused a sharp 71% break in Kennecott's profits, and Chrysler sputtered into a 50% decline because of unusually high change-over costs. These were the exceptions, but the good news contained a dividend of hope for them too. The current quarter, which is usually among the year's most profitable for many corporations, is sure to be even better than the third.

LABOR

The Strike Toll

The auto strike was scheduled to end this week, but its effects will be felt for months to come. After President Johnson warned that a continuation of the five-week stoppage would "jeopardize the continuous upward thrust of our economy," Walter Reuther finally went into action. He convened the union's



IDLED AUTO TRAILERS IN PONTIAC, MICH.
Much of the loss was permanent.

General Motors council, won their ratification of the national agreement and scheduled a nationwide membership vote to approve the contract. Local unions that had not yet signed contracts—there were still 33 of them at week's end—could still remain on strike, but Reuther strongly indicated that even he is sick of the prolonged walkout and that they can expect no further encouragement from him.

Most Government economists believe that the G.M. strike will not cause the economy any permanent damage, but the critical point is fast approaching. New car sales have dipped 20.5% below 1963's pace, and the Federal Reserve's industrial production index for October is expected to show a drop of nearly two points—its first decline in more than a year—as a result of the strike. General Motors has already lost production of some 400,000 autos worth nearly \$1 billion, and although some of the loss will be made up in later sales, a good part of it is permanent. The strike has also begun to affect most of G.M.'s 33,000 suppliers, who depend on the auto giant alone for more than \$7 billion in sales each year. Many scheduled short work weeks, but others—such as American Metal Products and A. O. Smith—closed down some of their production facilities and laid off thousands of employees.

As usual, it will take most union members more than a year to make up in new benefits what they lost in wages during the strike. The 306,000 G.M. workers lost more than \$170 million, and payment of modest strike benefits depleted the U.A.W.'s \$67 million strike fund by more than \$40 million. The loss in buying power also depressed business in communities with heavy concentrations of G.M. plants, where retail sales

slumped and loan applications rose. In Pontiac, Mich., where hundreds of auto trailers stood empty and desolate, a butcher in a U.A.W. neighborhood noted that no one was buying his T-bone steak, sadly ground it into hamburger.

CORPORATIONS

New Life in an Old Giant

Any company that makes both reactors for nuclear submarines and \$1.25 magnets for extracting wire and nails from cows' stomachs has some claim to diversity—and Westinghouse Electric claims to be the world's most diversified company. The oldest electronics firm and the second biggest producer of electrical equipment (after General Electric) in the U.S., Westinghouse makes 8,000 different products in 300,000 variations. The company's 59 divisions, with their 64 plants spread through 20 states, daily confront almost every American with some Westinghouse product, from 6,000 types of light bulbs to the output of five TV and seven radio stations.

Such diversity usually pays off in today's kaleidoscopic economy, but Westinghouse's sales in recent years have been stagnant and its profits falling. Like the dinosaur, the company became too big, too contented and too slow-moving to change with changing conditions. It badly needed a prod—and it got a powerful one in Donald Clemens Burnham, who took over as president 15 months ago after six years as manufacturing vice president. Even Burnham, 49, professes surprise at what he has been able to do. Sales rose 6.2% and profits 30% in this year's first nine months, and this week Burnham presents even better news to his board of directors: 1964 sales should hit a record

of more than \$2.2 billion and profits climb 60% to \$75 million.

No Long Memos. Burnham is a rangy, mild-mannered mechanical engineer who seriously insists to his employees that he wants "work to be fun"—and sets something of an example by putting in an 8:30-to-6 day, rarely taking work home at night or on weekends. But he knows how to wield both the ax and the scepter—and he has found enough time in ordinary work days to wield both so well that the once-slumbering Westinghouse has leaped to life. When he took over after the resign-

its money-losing heavy-electrical-equipment division is again profitable (thanks in part to price boosts), and its long-neglected consumer division will finish 1964 in the black ("but not by very much," says Burnham) for the first time in several years. Westinghouse has developed dozens of new consumer products, including push-bar radios, a self-starting can opener, and an electric toothbrush for kids that is shaped like a rocket and sits on a launching pad.

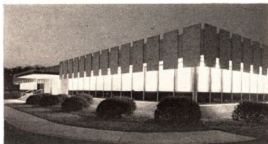
There are still some skeptics who feel that Westinghouse has a fair way to go before it becomes as sharp and profitable as it should be; Burnham himself admits that the company is "just making a first step." Wall Street's revived interest in the firm has sent its stock from 29½ to 43 since June, and two sophisticated investment companies, Lehman Corp. and the One William Street Fund, have just bought \$9,800,000 worth of Westinghouse stock. For all that, Don Burnham will probably get no better testimonial than the one offered last week by former Chairman Gwilym A. Price, 69, who retired in

lion this year. A dozen major manufacturers as diverse as Royal McBee and Eastman Kodak are in it, and many other giants, including IBM, are looking. All of them are trying to copy the sales drive and scientific ingenuity of the far-ahead leader, Xerox Corp., whose earnings for the first nine months of 1964 have risen 59%. Having pioneered an electrostatic process that requires neither special paper nor chemicals, Xerox makes machines that can turn out seven to eight copies a minute at about 3½¢ each.

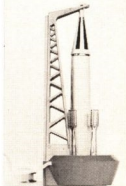
In Los Angeles, Addressograph-Multigraph's Bruning Division showed off two electrostatic models that it claims can produce copies at half the cost and twice the speed of Xerox machines but that require special paper. American Photocopy demonstrated its new "Dial-A-Copy," which has a telephone-like dial on which the user can order from one to ten copies, and SCM



WESTINGHOUSE'S BURNHAM



TELECOMPUTER CENTER NEAR PITTSBURGH
The dinosaur got a powerful prod.



ROCKET TOOTHBRUSH

nation of the late Mark Cresap, says Burnham, "I didn't have to think long about what I was going to do."

Without hiring any outside talent—not even a management consultant to advise him—Burnham got to work on Westinghouse's fat and dust-covered corporate structure. He reshuffled ten top executives into new jobs, split up the centralized chain of command to give everyone more responsibilities, created a president's council in which he and his lieutenants can make decisions without indulging in the long delays and lengthy memos that once characterized Westinghouse. He slashed costs by more than \$20 million by getting rid of 3,825 white-collar employees, shaved inventories by \$8,000,000 with a telecomputer center outside Westinghouse's Pittsburgh headquarters that flashes orders to far-flung warehouses and reminds them to restock.

To Mars & Venus. Westinghouse produces salt-water-conversion plants that can make 50 million gallons of fresh water a day and bacteria-killing bulbs that give no light the human eye can see, is also working on a nuclear engine that may some day power spaceships to Mars and Venus. Under Burnham,

April and was not replaced. Said Price: "Don Burnham is realistic and down-to-earth, and he did a few simple things that made a wonderful world of difference. The company now has a spirit of confidence and loyalty to a degree that didn't exist before."

INDUSTRY

The Copy Break

The newest fad in U.S. business offices is the copy break—that unguarded moment when clerk or perhaps even vice president slips over to the office copying machine, quietly reproduces everything from old love letters to check stubs. Half a million U.S. offices now have one or more copying machines, which this year will turn out well over 10 billion copies, or 50 for each person in the nation. Last week in Los Angeles, the copying industry demonstrated its wares at the annual exposition of the Business Equipment Manufacturers Association—and the large and versatile family of machines on hand showed that an already crowded field is in for some fierce competition.

The business has been growing by 20% a year, is expected to hit \$480 mil-

(Smith Corona-Marchant) showed its similar, dial-operated Model 44. 3M displayed six specialized machines that produce by means of heat and light sensitivity; one turns out single copies on heat-sensitive paper for about 3½¢, and another produces 40 copies a minute on ordinary paper for about 1¢ each.

Xerox, which puts 10% of its sales into research, also has some innovations on the way. Perhaps pushed by the competition, it has just demonstrated a high-speed, high-volume machine that will not be marketed until next year—but will produce up to 2,400 copies an hour. The company has also begun to lease its new LDX model, which instantly transmits copies between offices as far as 4,000 miles apart. Perhaps optimistically, Xerox figures that it will continue indefinitely to supply close to half of the nation's copying machines. It can be fairly certain about one thing: the market for copies will grow as fast as the competition. Paper has proliferated so much in U.S. corporations that it costs tens of billions of dollars yearly to handle, \$5 billion to file. The temptation to multiply paperwork is so great that those totals are expected to double in the next decade.

"Knowledgeable service—
from the management level
to the toolbox"

Wausau Story

by GLEN MAXON, Sr., Chairman of the Board, and
GLEN MAXON, Jr., Vice President and Treasurer,
Maxon Construction Company, Dayton, Ohio

"As a company, we feel a responsibility for the safety of our people. And because an essential part of our business is determining time and costs before undertaking work, we, particularly, can ill afford accidents.

"The answer, of course, is insurance. But simply matching dollars to risks is not enough in this industry. What's needed is an insurance carrier with thorough understanding of our operations and what action we should take to reduce accident frequency and severity.

"Employers Mutuals of Wausau is just such an insurer. They know the construction field inside and out, and our company's coverage needs from top to bottom. They offer sound advice for our administrative personnel, effective guidance for our workers, and fast, efficient claims service wherever we're on a job. Since the early thirties when Employers Mutuals covered some tough Mississippi River dam jobs for us, they've proved to be 'good people to do business with'."

Employers Mutuals of Wausau writes group health and accident plans, fidelity bonds, all forms of fire, liability and casualty insurance, including auto, and is one of the largest and most experienced underwriters of workmen's compensation. See your telephone directory or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

The Maxons, Junior and Senior, at site of La Crosse (Wis.) Boiling Water Reactor. Joint project of Atomic Energy Commission and Dairyland Power Cooperative will develop use of nuclear energy for production of low-cost electrical power.



Employers Mutuals of Wausau

164 Offices Coast to Coast

"Good people
to do business with"



Maxon Construction works with U.S. Army Corps of Engineers on Red Rock Dam on Des Moines River 60 miles below Iowa's capital. The project is part of a comprehensive flood-control plan for the Upper Mississippi River Basin.

MANAGEMENT

With a Little Stock And a Lot of Cheek

For all too many U.S. companies, the annual stockholders' meeting in recent years has become a raucous cross between a stage show and a shouting match. Profanity and horn honking disrupted Communications Satellite Corp.'s session last month. President Darryl F. Zanuck had to outshout hecklers—one of whom came dressed as Cleopatra—at the 20th Century-Fox Films meeting, and shareowners peppered management of the A. & P. with a talkathon that included a suggestion that it make cottage cheese easier to find in its stores. Usually armed with a little bit of stock and a lot of cheek, professional scolds seldom miss a chance to bait corporate officers, make speeches and generally turn the spotlight on themselves.

To Investment Banker Sidney J. Weinberg, senior partner in Manhattan's Goldman Sachs & Co. and once a director of 35 companies (he has cut it to six), all this corporate tolerance is no laughing matter. Annual meetings are becoming a "circus," says Weinberg, thanks to "publicity-seeking characters who attend primarily to ask impertinent, irrelevant, sometimes abusive questions. This kind of behavior must be stopped right now, before stockholders lose respect for management. The vast majority of stockholders resent these characters. I was delighted when many companies that dispensed free lunches and free products at meetings stopped it, but the situation is growing worse. As a result of the notoriety, other people are training themselves to follow in their footsteps." Weinberg's advice to corporate officers: insist on decorum, cut stockholders off after "one or two questions," firmly rule irrelevant gibes out of order and keep the names and pictures of gadflies out of post-meeting reports.

CREDIT

The Importance of Being in Debt

More U.S. consumers are more heavily in debt than ever before, but the burden seems to rest lightly on the nation's shoulders. By buying his furniture and house on the installment plan, charging his clothes, sending his kids to college on a loan, and taking off on a fly-now-pay-later vacation, the American consumer has piled up a truly phenomenal \$280 billion debt—and is rapidly adding to it. Families are up to their eaves in \$190 billion worth of mortgages, also bear another \$76 billion in various consumer debts. One household in two has to meet installment payments on appliances, furniture, the car or personal loans. Nearly everyone shares in the \$17 billion debt burden spawned by credit cards, charge accounts, single-payment loans and other short-term credit. While their grandfathers would have considered them reckless and irresponsible, these

on-the-cuff customers have stimulated the current economic expansion and are turning the U.S. into the world's first credit-based society.

The recent vast growth of this debt has led to new concern by Government and economists about just how far it can go without danger. The Government has threatened to tighten credit immediately if there are signs that it is getting out of hand, and Joseph W. Barr, chairman of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp., has suggested that Congress next year undertake a thorough examination of the whole credit situation. Such an examination might prove enlightening, but few businessmen and bankers, who are mostly the

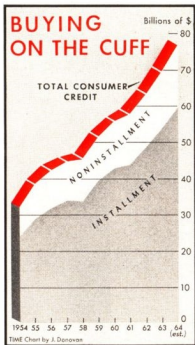
that point, money pours out of the phone, filling the booth.

Even staid banks, which used to leave most consumer credit to others, are bombarding customers with new easy-loan plans. In the competition for auto loans, which account for nearly half of all installment debt, banks have pulled ahead of the auto-finance companies by offering lower interest rates. Still the competition grows. Following the lead of General Motors, both Ford and Chrysler have set up their own credit subsidiaries, and so have General Electric and Sears, Roebuck.

The consumer, for his part, is eager to try new ways of going into debt. One increasingly popular method is for a homeowner to refinance his old mortgage, thus getting from the bank, in effect, a new loan equaling what he had already paid off on the old mortgage. New forms of charge accounts, including those that can be repaid in installments, have become so widespread that 65% of all department-store sales are now charged. Many stores are also encouraging today's affluent teen-agers to take out special charge accounts. To speed the wheels of the credit society, an Alexandria, Va., firm last week introduced a compact electronic system called Credac that will check a customer's credit within ten seconds when fed the number of his charge account.

Patriotic Duty. Credit cards have grown steadily, opening ever wider possibilities of pay-later living for businessmen, travelers and impulse buyers, who now owe a fancy \$656 million. The cards can now be used like cash at most airports, hotels, restaurants and shops, and credit-card companies are scrambling to arrange more uses. The 1,250,000 holders of Diners' Club cards can charge an African safari, and credit cards are now used to get haircuts, buy theater tickets and rent mink coats. The Carte Blanche card can be flashed as an instant credit reference at 1,300 U.S. hospitals: just wave your card at the ambulance attendant.

So far, the only uneasy signs that credit may be reaching its limit are the growing number of mortgage foreclosures and personal bankruptcies—but neither has reached a disturbing level. Most Americans are so conditioned to first-of-the-month check writing that serious lapses in meeting payments are surprisingly few; had debts total less than one-quarter of 1% of sales. Thanks in part to the tax cut, Americans now apply a record 14% of their available spending money to debt repayment, while at the same time increasing savings and building up personal assets faster than debt. Though consumers are taking on installment debts at the rate of \$65 billion this year, the percentage increase is actually less than last year. But consumer credit is expected to take off on an even faster upward spiral next year as more and more new families keep forming and—like true red-blooded Americans—going into debt.



ones who grant the credit, feel that it is necessary. So long as incomes and employment keep rising—as they have been doing steadily—the lenders are not concerned about current consumer debt. In fact, says Conrad Jamison, economist for Los Angeles' Security First National Bank: "The environment is more favorable than ever for people to go out on a limb."

Instant Cash. Convinced of this, many businessmen are busy encouraging their customers to plunge more deeply into debt, and producing new and delightful ways in which they can do it. At the Emporium, San Francisco's largest department store, salesclerks have standing orders to encourage each customer who presents cash—which seems to lower one's status in many big stores—to open a charge account. To show how painless borrowing can be, a Los Angeles finance company runs a TV commercial of a man speaking into a pay telephone: "I wanted to ask, could I borrow—" At



NO MORE RAIN CHECKS

Harris County Domed Stadium, now under construction in Houston, is roofed with panels combining transparent and translucent plastic, and panels of acoustical fiberboard over a steel frame.

From swimming pools to superdomes . . . plastics are probing one new field after another. National City salutes the dynamic growth of this young industry.

Neither rain nor heat nor cold will ever bother fans or players in Houston's new domed stadium. Thanks in large part to plastics, this domed arena will provide pleasantly packaged weather 365 days a year. Plastics are booming everywhere. Look around your home. Look at industry. You see more and more applications of this ver-

satile material. Today, plastics is a major industry. And as with so many major industries, National City's nation-wide and world-wide financial services have aided in its growth. Our *total banking*—an all-encompassing range of facilities, resources, experience for every corporate need—is available to play an equally helpful part for *your* business.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK

399 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION



4600 "skylights" of cast acrylic sheet top off the dome of the new home of the Houston "Coke" 45's and the "G Oilers".



Synthetic heart valve! Surgeons and plastic engineers are developing plastic substitutes for worn human body parts.



Frozen assets! Food packages, refrigerator linings are only two of the many new home applications of plastics.



DICTAPHONE, TIME-MASTER, DICTABELT, TRADEMARKS OF DICTAPHONE CORPORATION



At nine a. m. tomorrow, he'll be half a day ahead

In the quiet hours at home, you can get the jump on tomorrow's detail work—correspondence, memos, reports. The new, automatic Time-Master is the answer. It's a dictating machine built for rugged office use, and so portable (weight just over 7 pounds) you can carry it home. It uses the exclusive Dictabelt with "sound you can see." Find how the advanced Time-Master can put you ahead of your time. Call your Dictaphone representative for a demonstration.

Dictaphone
CORPORATION

WORLD BUSINESS

WESTERN EUROPE

Neocapitalism

The widening prosperity of Western Europe has altered not only the Continent's face but its mentality as well. This is nowhere truer than in the field of economics, where Europe is witnessing a transformation that ranks in importance with the birth of the Common Market and the march of American firms into Europe. The phenomenon needed a name—and the Italians have given it one. "What we have created," says Emilio Pucci, the Florentine fashion marquis who also sits in the Italian Parliament, "is neocapitalism."

Neocapitalism is a blend of expansive private enterprise, extensive social-welfare programs and selective government intervention—a syncretism of capitalism's proven methods with some of socialism's less extreme aims. It has already made doctrinaire Marxism outdated, changed many socialists into business-minded pragmatists and made social workers out of many capitalists. Though Britain's victorious Labor Party leaned farther to the left than was expected in setting up a government last week (see *THE WORLD*), its reassurances to private enterprise are typical of the change. Said Laborite Douglas Jay, new president of the Board of Trade: "This government starts with no prejudice or bias whatever against private business."

Though the marriage of philosophies often has its rough moments—as it is sure to have in Britain—neocapitalism is not the result of a shotgun wedding. Right after World War II, many Western Europeans tended to associate socialism with reform and considered capitalism a dirty word. Then postwar free enterprise and the market economy demonstrated that they could raise the standard of living to an undreamed-of level of prosperity. The forces of the left, which had staked their political future on voter disillusionment with capitalism, were stymied.

No More Preaching. Faced with capitalism's success, the left adopted many of its basic tenets. Italy's Socialists are plugging their responsibilities to businessmen in the campaign for next month's elections, and even the Communists have given up preaching collectivism to workers who drive their own Fiats to the plants. "Neocapitalism," says Marchese Pucci, "is a system in which workers and management find common interests." Says Pierre Auguste Cool, president of Belgium's Christian Trade-Unions: "If I were to tell my members that capitalism is a threat, they would advise me to see a doctor."

While prosperity has dissipated the left's enmity for capitalism, private enterprise in Europe has undergone some changes itself. It has rejected its narrow prewar devotion to low wages,

high prices, restricted markets and forbidding tariffs, and is openly trying to emulate U.S. business. Instead of producing a limited number of high-cost goods for a market composed of the rich, Europe's new capitalists have created a mass consumer market based on economy-sized cars, readymade clothing, expanding paychecks and easy installment plans. In doing so, they have not only doubled production while reducing the work week since 1950, but have created across the Continent a new breed of property owners who tend to be more conservative simply because they have more to conserve.

Buried Antagonisms. Both business and labor have sought to bury their ancient antagonisms, and the presence of

banks, many French industrialists embrace "Le Plan"—the government's program for expanding certain industries and restraining others. Governments own outright most of Italian oil and steel, French automaking and banking, British coal and gas, as well as the larger part of Europe's shipping, railroads and broadcasting. Continental businessmen, many of them connected with Catholic-oriented political parties—as in Italy, Belgium and Germany—have also been influenced by the softening of the Catholic Church's position on socialism, as evidenced by Pope John's encyclical *Mater et Magistra*.

Dead Issue. More important in the long run is the increasing reluctance to turn to nationalization, almost all of



DESIGNER PUCCI



UNIONIST LEBER

An end to ancient enmities, a new sharing of interests.

U.S. firms and methods in Europe has helped. In Britain, for example, Esso has introduced productivity bonuses for its workers. In Sweden, which has not suffered a major strike since 1953, managers and labor leaders meet yearly to decide upon wage guidelines for all industry. With its top members on most major corporate boards and a \$250 million treasury to invest, the West German Trade Union Federation has become absolutely capitalistic: it owns dozens of businesses, from the country's biggest housebuilder to a supermarket chain. Last week, Building Workers Chief Georg Leber presented Chancellor Ludwig Erhard with an ambitious plan under which management would channel 1.5% of labor's wages into a huge investment fund that would later pay benefits to the workers.

Europe's businessmen, on the other hand, have softened their opposition to government involvement in private enterprise. Sir Leon Bagrit, the computer king of Britain's Elliott-Automation, has campaigned to get the government to take a greater interest in modernizing industry. Even the British Conservatives have called for more centralized planning. In order to get loans from state

which took place before 1945. Nobody expects much more of it in the future. Britain's Laborites will try to renationalize steel, but will probably leave private industry in general untouched; most politicians on the Continent are extremely careful about how they use the word nationalization. Says Lars Erik Thunholm, president of Stockholm's Skandinaviska Bank: "The nationalization of industry is a dead issue as long as private enterprise shows the ability to continue expanding the economy." There is no sign that Europe's neocapitalists, who have gathered new strength from the fusion of ideas and methods, are about to lose that ability.

LATIN AMERICA

To Get Bolder or Give Up

In Bogotá, the urbane and rainy capital of Colombia, 300 Latin American revolutionaries are meeting to plan an overthrow. Their target is not a paunchy dictator but a better-entrenched foe: the tariffs and trade barriers that divide Latin America. Their spearhead is the ambitious, nine-nation Latin American Free Trade Association, which so far in its four-year

history has talked tall but acted small. As its two-month-long annual meeting began last week, the delegates muttered about "stagnation" and "frustration," agreed that LAFTA^{*} has reached a decisive point at which it must either get bolder or give up.

Fear for Infants. The LAFTA members have lowered tariffs on an impressive total of 8,500 items, but most of the cuts have affected goods that are neither important nor hotly competitive. Though trade within LAFTA has risen from \$660 million in 1961 to an estimated \$1.1 billion this year, it still amounts to only 9% of the members' foreign commerce—a lower share than a decade ago. In an effort to bring about a genuine common market, the

initiative to nonexistent, and shipping is in short supply. "To intensify trade," says Ecuador's National Planner Raúl Paez Calle, "we must have an infrastructure of communications, transport, power supply and, perhaps more important, a human infrastructure."

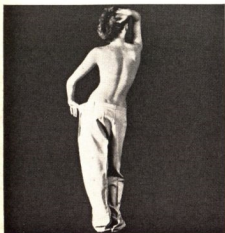
Proof of Wisdom. Despite all those problems, LAFTA could still make considerable progress if it were really willing to try. Mexico, for example, has increased its LAFTA trade fourfold since 1960, figures that it could buy still ten times more from the area. And if LAFTA wants proof of what wise action can accomplish, it need only observe the separate four-year-old Central American Common Market, whose five small members faced even greater

man, the greying, nattily dressed Leuenroth, 57, has become such a master of his market that competing corporations willingly share his services—a practice universally avoided in the U.S. Standard's 62 clients include two appliance companies, two steel mills and three drug companies, in addition to such prestigious firms as Shell, Pirelli and Helena Rubinstein. Last week Standard went to work on two more major plums: a government campaign to popularize a new anti-inflation, salary-withholding bond, and another to promote the National Housing Bank, recently organized to finance lower-class housing.

Saints & Sexpots. Situated in both Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo, the agency and its 300 employees shrewdly tailor advertising to two markets. Brazil's richest consumers are in the "Golden Triangle" that stretches from Rio and São Paulo to Belo Horizonte. To stir them, Standard turns out sophisticated pitches that any Manhattan agency would proudly claim. For Rhodia fabrics, Leuenroth photographed Brazilian models wearing Rhodia clothes in Rome and Tokyo to convince women that Brazilian-made rayons and cottons are as smart as imports. In a nation where saints and sexpots remain the surest advertising approach at any level, Standard hoisted the Barki clothing company's sales with pictures of luscious girls wearing only Barki men's trousers or neckties.

In the isolated back country, Standard takes a different approach. "They don't know how to read and write," says Leuenroth. "But they know how to talk and listen." Standard sells Alka-Seltzer in the back country with simple commercials blared from 250-watt radio stations or where there is no radio, over loudspeakers set up in village squares. In towns so remote that they lack electricity, Standard stencils brand names on walls or uses airplanes to drop advertising leaflets wrapped around candy. It also uses simple cartoons with as little wording as possible.

Beggars & Admen. Leuenroth learned advertising from his father, Eugenio, who opened an agency 52 years ago when, he says, businessmen commonly hung out such signs as: "Beggars and advertising men seen only on Wednesday." Eugenio Leuenroth's first "campaign" was a three-inch newspaper display for SKF ball bearings, but by 1923 he had signed some overseas giants, including Ford. Cicero joined the business after graduating from Columbia University (25), now runs it with the advisory help of his 80-year-old father, who still visits the office daily. With business bustling, Cicero has branched into philanthropy, recently organized a "free enterprise commission" that is designed to help small businessmen open shops. "The advertising man," he explains, "must think of his responsibility to the people." And, of course, it will not hurt if some of those small businessmen grow up to be big advertisers.



Exclusivamente para homens



CICERO & EUGENIO LEUENROTH

STANDARD'S TROUSER AD

Commercials and candy rain from the sky.

LAFTA delegates at Bogotá will consider several proposals. One plan would trim all tariffs by 10% a year; a more popular proposal calls for 12% cuts by LAFTA's most advanced members (Argentina, Brazil, Mexico), ranging down to only 4% reductions by its least developed countries (Paraguay and Ecuador). Even with that, the less developed countries fear that their infant industries would be wiped out by a flood of imports from the more advanced nations, who then would dominate LAFTA.

A good deal more than tariffs serves to retard trade within LAFTA. Political and monetary upheavals discourage long-range trade deals, and export financing is hard to come by in Latin America's tight capital markets. The Latin nations produce roughly the same kinds of basic commodities, sell little to one another. Railroads, highways and ports in many areas range from prim-

disadvantages. They have drastically lowered tariffs across the board and started several regional organizations. Now they are talking about common currency, transportation, education projects.

BRAZIL

Master of His Market

Many a Madison Avenue man would be driven to five-martini lunches by the demands and problems of advertising in Brazil. Of the country's 76 million people, 50% are illiterate and, besides, too poor to buy mass magazines. There is no national television, radio or newspaper. Inflation is so rampant that prices sometimes change overnight. All these handicaps have proved, however, to be advantages for a fast-moving Brazilian named Cicero Leuenroth, who has built his Standard Propaganda into Brazil's largest advertising agency by combining Madison Avenue drive and efficiency with a deep understanding of the special needs of Brazil's consumers.

The grandson of an immigrant Ger-

* Embracing Mexico and all the independent South American countries except Bolivia and Venezuela, which are applying for membership.



The future President of the United States deserves Mass Mutual protection

Who knows? Someday he just might wind up at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Or on Wall Street. Or even on the moon.

But whatever he may become, you want to give him the best start possible. That takes planning—now. The kind of planning that means *knowing* your kids will have a good chance—whatever may happen to you. The kind your Mass Mutual man is well-known for.

For, while insurance rates may vary only slightly from company to com-

pany, the ability of insurance agents *does* vary. So does the calibre of the companies they represent.

Mass Mutual men are recognized as the ablest of professionals. (Example: one of the industry's top honors, the Chartered Life Underwriter designation, has been earned by one of every five Mass Mutual men. The industry average is one in 21.)

Your Mass Mutual man is a skilled specialist in helping erase the "ifs"

from your family's future. And he's backed by a company with \$3 billion in assets. Yet his services cost you no more. In fact, he may actually save you money.

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Springfield, Massachusetts (organized 1851)





READY for More Work!

That's a Manpower white glove girl for you—she's been specially trained in temporary office work — she's learned to apply her skills with top efficiency — even under pressure. There's none better.

MANPOWER

THE VERY BEST IN TEMPORARY HELP
The world's largest temporary help service
Over 300 offices throughout the world

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch - Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain — without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place. Most amazing of all — results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dynes®)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug counters.

FILTER TIP LITTLE CIGARS

HERALD

35¢ PACK OF 20

CINEMA

Still the Fairest One of All

My *Fair Lady* is indestructible showmanship. The Lerner and Loewe Cinderella tale based on Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* sets Shavian sparkle to music with such unerring good taste that it could probably be performed in Urdu by a cast of untouchables without suffering serious damage. Hollywood, praise be, can do a whole lot better than that. In this literal, beautiful, bountiful version of the most gilt-edged attraction in theater history, Jack Warner has miraculously managed to turn gold into gold. Last week, sporting all her familiar tunes along with a fall collection of eye-popping new finery, *Fair Lady* conquered the qualms of a Manhattan première audience that sat down whistling *Show Me* and got up feeling it could've danced all night. When the excitement abated, it seemed a safe bet that, come Oscar time next spring, some of *Lady's* \$17 million investment will be returned in handy carry-home sizes.

The film's richest asset may well be Rex Harrison, making capital of the closeup in his 1,007th performance as irascible Professor Henry Higgins, who masterminds the metamorphosis of the cockney flower girl, Eliza Doolittle. Harrison still talks his songs and sings his dialogue in a triumph of stylized, polished acting that would be memorable with or without music. Another hold-over from Broadway is Stanley Holloway, raffishly repeating his role as Eliza's father, a dustman-turned-moralist who speaks some of Shaw's most corrosively funny lines—wisely preserved intact—then stops the show with the gritty low comedy of Lerner's *Get Me to the Church on Time*.

The burning question mark of this sumptuous adaptation is Audrey Hepburn's casting as Eliza, the role that Julie Andrews had clearly been born to play. Purists may cavil that Hepburn's singing voice, most of it dubbed by Soprano Marni Nixon, sounds too much like Julie and not enough like Audrey. But after a slow start, when the practiced proficiency of her cockney dialect suggests that Actress Hepburn is really only slumming, she warms her way into a graceful, glamorous performance, the best of her career.

Guided by Director George Cukor, who had played *Pygmalion* to many a Hollywood Galatea (Garbo in *Camille*, Ingrid Bergman in *Gaslight*), she exquisitely personifies "a squashed cabbage leaf" transformed into an English rose. Her comedy scenes are delectable, her charm ineluctable, and her first appearance among society folk at Ascot—in a gown created by Designer Cecil Beaton, whose art nouveau sets and costumes are a splendid show in themselves—is one of those great movie moments seldom accomplished without the

help of brass bands and fireworks. And Hepburn tops that when she begins describing, in precise Mayfair accents, the drunken demise of her old aunt: "Gin was mother's milk to her."

Though Eliza's transformation retains its magic, not all the problems of putting a stage musical on film have been solved. Occasionally the spell slackens because the camera seems welded to the wrong orchestra seat, a number sags under a painfully explicit interpretation. And when Professor Higgins' household staff bursts into song, it sounds as if the entire Westminster Choir has been



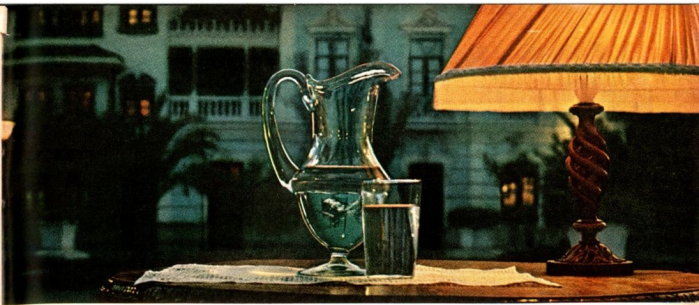
HEPBURN'S ELIZA

By George, she's got it!

tucked into a linen closet. The talents behind *Fair Lady* sometimes approach their work with damp palms, as if afraid to risk too much in capturing the wit and style of a modern masterpiece. But in the essentials it is all there, and for once in a Hollywood moon the customers get full measure of the elegant escapism they are paying for.

A New Kind of Life

Woman in the Dunes. One day a man leaves the city and wanders into the desert. He wanders alone, and over his shoulder he carries a net. He is searching, he says, for a new kind of life, for a creature that will bear his name and make him in some sense immortal. All day the solitary figure (Eiji



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$$\sigma_{1-2} = \frac{E}{L} \int (v_2 - v_1) dt$$

$$HP_1 = \frac{T_1 V_1 / R_1}{33,000}$$

$$F_1 = f_1(h_{12}, h_{10}, T_1, W, V_1, \sigma_{1-2})$$

decisions, decisions, decisions

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Okada) moves among the moving sands, but he does not find what he is seeking. At sunset a stranger appears, a man at home in the desert, and leads him to a deep pit.

In the bottom of the pit, a hundred feet down, stands a house. "You can spend the night there," the stranger says. Hand over hand the man descends a rope ladder. In the house he finds a peasant woman who gives him plain food to eat and a plain mat to sleep on. In the morning he rises early to be on his way, but when he looks for the ladder it is gone. "Please don't blame me," the woman says gently. "Remember, you came here of your own accord." He stares at her, incredulous. "Are you trying to tell me," he asks in rising alarm, "that I can't get out of here—that I'm trapped?"

The spectator shudders—perhaps not



OKADA IN "DUNES"
Out of the pit, into discovery.

simply in sympathy. The modern mind has an allergy to allegory, and this story is plainly a metaphor performed: the man and woman are meant to be everyman and everywoman, and life is the hellhole they are in. But the metaphor is grand, the allegory clothes the powerful narrative as patterns clothe a python. In his second film, a 37-year-old Japanese painter named Hiroshi Teshigahara has transformed a tricky-turgid novel into a luminous and violent existential thriller, an *Oriental Pilgrim's Progress*.

"Time is important to me!" the trapped man cries angrily as he charges up the palisades of sand that rise on all sides; they collapse and almost bury him. Undaunted, he climbs the rope that lowers supplies into the pit; when the rope is released, he drops 30 feet and almost breaks his neck. Frustrated on all sides, he turns upon the woman his rage to live. He possesses her, unaware at first that in grappling with the woman he is also grappling with the reality she represents: the appalling predicament he is in.

It grows more appalling by the minute. Driven by the wind, by an invisible power in the sky, a river of sand flows

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endlessly over the rim of the pit. In a matter of days it would drown the house and anyone in it. So every night and all night long, while the wind lies still and the air is cool, the woman shovels sand into buckets and sends the buckets up the rope. If no sand comes out of the pit, she explains, no food will be sent back in return. The man is aghast. "Don't you feel that all this is meaningless?" he asks. "Moving sand to live, living to move sand?"

One dark night, with the help of a rope he has woven and a grappling hook he has made, the man at last escapes from the pit. Free! In rapture he races aimlessly among the big black dunes. In horror he feels the sand give way beneath his feet. He has escaped from one pit only to fall into another—a pit of quicksand! "Help!" he screams. "Help!" His life is saved but his freedom is lost; the men who pull him out of the quicksand put him back in the pit. In blank hatred he stares at the sand, at his fate.

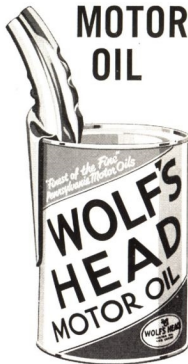
Slowly hope is lost: suddenly grace is given. In the bottom of a barrel sunk in the sand, he finds several inches of clear water. Water in this blazing waste! He is dumbstruck. By what miracle could a common tub draw water out of dust? Day and night he ponders the mystery and its meaning. In the desert he has found water—can it be that in his fate he has found his life? He looks up. The ladder has somehow been left in place. He is free to go, but now he has no desire to depart. Instead he bends over the barrel, and in the clear mirror of the water he sees the creature he came seeking in the dry places. It is himself.

Endurance Test

The Lively Set has a gas turbine in the liveliest role. The engine propels a futuristic racing car, developed and assembled by Chrysler Corp. The rest of the cast, Hollywood-assembled, is made up mostly of bright, well-developed young folk—among them James Darren, Pamela Tiffin, Doug McClure, Joanie Sommers and Peter Mann—who are lovely to look at but not much fun to know.

The plot, which has all the bite of the blueprint in a model car kit, tells how a car-crazy boy (Darren) and a boy-crazy girl (Tiffin) find happiness at the end of an auto endurance race through Death Valley. As the dragster's innamorata, Pamela learns that falling in love with an "intuitive genius" can be an endurance test in itself. Darren spends so much time pondering gear ratios and reassembling fuel lines that he can scarcely stay awake long enough to endanger a girl's reputation. Of course, he regains consciousness moments before the Big Race, a tense, imaginatively shot sequence filled with screeching wheels and groaning metal as the cars hurtle toward the finish, arousing moviegoers just in time for the second feature.

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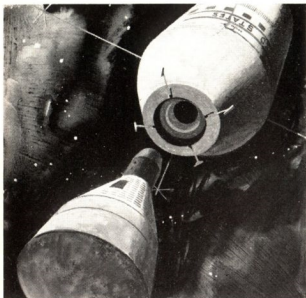
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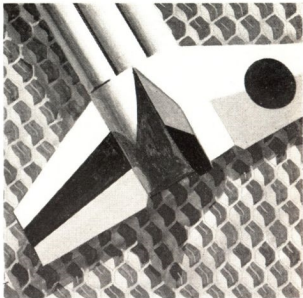
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BOOKS

A Clean, Well-Lighted Soul

THOSE CURSED TUSCANS by Curzio Malaparte. 236 pages. Ohio University. \$4.95.

Novelist-Journalist Curzio Malaparte made it his life's ambition to be hated by his readers. He succeeded admirably. By the time of his death in 1957, he was anathema to the right and left and almost everybody in between.

His contempt for most of humanity was complete. He regarded hatred as the one majestic emotion of this miserable species, for he who hates is at least passionately concerned, not docilely conformist. He poured all his venom into a novel, *Kaputt*, an account of Nazi atrocities on the Eastern front, and into a later novel, *The Skin*, describing barbarous conditions under the U.S. occupation of Italy. With a passion akin to Swift's, Malaparte sought to indict the cruelties of mankind. Readers were shocked, as he intended; they were also shocked by the fact that Malaparte seemed to be enjoying the telling of these poisonous tales too much.

No Time to Sing. Tall, rugged, dashing, Malaparte was one of a vanishing breed: the intellectual buccaneer in the manner of D'Annunzio, who bounced from one Great Cause to the next. After fighting in World War I, he became an ardent advocate of Fascism. In and out of favor with the regime, he joined the Allies in 1943, later tried to join the Communist Party but was brusquely turned down. He visited Red China in 1956 and came home bubbling with enthusiasm.

Those Cursed Tuscans is a white-hot, sometimes overwrought exposition of Malaparte's philosophy and an apology, really, for his way of life. As far as he is concerned, it was a mistake to unite Italy, for unification brought spare, lean and hungry Tuscans into contact with

a lot of soft-hearted, overemotional Italians. "The Tuscans aren't tenors. They speak; they don't sing. They don't wash out their throats with beautiful Italian phrases." The whole history of Tuscany, thinks Malaparte, can be expressed in a common Tuscan curse: "To hell with all of you, go shove it."

The Tuscans enjoy a chummy relationship with God; they do not prostrate themselves: "They have a way of kneeling which is more a way of standing up with their legs bent—exactly the opposite of all other Italians, who, even when standing upright, seem to be on their knees. In religious processions, Tuscans carry Christ along as if they were on their way to lynch him. They believe that even Christ, the Madonna and the Saints must sooner or later give an account of themselves—which is, one must admit, a fine way of turning the Judgment Day upside down."

Nothing Sacred. The attraction evil had for Malaparte gave him peculiar insight into the behavior of men who were far worse in deed than he ever was in thought. In *Kaputt*, he wrote: "The Nazi has no fear of the strong man, of the armed man who faces him with courage. The Nazi fears the defenseless, the weak and the sick."

The personal truculence Malaparte advocates is far from the mass hysteria of Fascism. "Learn from the Tuscans," he writes, "how to spit in the face of the mighty, in the face of kings, emperors, bishops, inquisitors, judges, masters. Learn from the Tuscans that there is nothing sacred in this world except the human itself, and that one human's soul is worth precisely that of another's; and that it is only necessary to know how to keep the soul clean, in a cool dry place, that it gather neither dust nor humidity. Woe unto him who tries to dirty that soul, or humiliate it, or butter it up, or bless it, mortgage it, rent it, buy it."

TET BORGES



TUSCANY

Hatred is majestic.



PATTON (1944)
Peace is hell.

The War Lover

PATTON: ORDEAL AND TRIUMPH by Ladislav Farago. 885 pages. Obolensky. \$9.95.

The Brittany farmland had been bombed, strafed and shelled all day. Its rough-stone houses were now rubble, its fields aflame and littered with dead cattle. Looking down on this devastation, General George Smith Patton Jr. suddenly raised his arms to the sky. "Compared to war," he cried, "all other forms of human endeavor shrink to insignificance. God, how I love it!"

Such chilling scenes have built up a widespread misunderstanding of Patton that not even eight earlier and more friendly biographies could knock down. As this ninth attempt makes clear, the impression that he was a callous killer is no less deluded than Patton's own self-image. He absolutely believed that he was the "reincarnation" of an archetypal fighting man who had once "battled for fresh mammoth," had fought in a phalanx against Cyrus the Persian, on Cr  cy's field in the Hundred Years' War, in all the great campaigns since.

Dueling Rommel. Patton saw his life as one long joust with the world. In peacetime, he trained himself for war as a medieval knight training for battle. He was a ferocious competitor in the pentathlon, in which he finished fifth in the 1912 Olympics, and polo, in which he was a seven-goal player. In his last year at West Point, he thrust his head into the line of fire during a sharpshooting exercise. "I just wanted to see how afraid I'd be," he explained, "and to train myself not to be." When war came, Patton's revolutionary theories of seemingly reckless advance ("Let the enemy worry about his flanks") often proved to be the best way not to spill blood but to spare it. Besides, if he had had his own way, World War II would have cost but one casualty: it would



MALAPARTE



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have been just a duel between Field Marshal Rommel and General Patton. "The armies could watch," he said. "If I killed him, I'd be the champ. If he killed me—well, he won't."

This biography by Ladislav Farago, a military chronicler and World War II intelligence officer, is the longest, hardest and most informative look yet at George Patton. Yet it is painfully under-edited and overwrought. And Farago's digressions into higher political issues, coupled with perhaps the most illegible campaign maps ever printed, serve only to slow down the pace of Patton's breakneck "war of movement." More damagingly, the author has not fully marshaled his own conclusions on the contentious general.

Paper Army. At one point, Farago declares that Patton's "combination of dash and daring on the one side and enormous professional skill and savvy on the other qualified him even for the Supreme Command, which was eventually denied to him through the failure of his superiors to recognize and appreciate the intrinsic and overwhelming value of such a combination." But at another, he concedes that Patton's trigger temper and lack of political sophistication probably disqualified him for higher responsibilities. Patton botched his proconsul duties, first as the ruler of French Morocco in 1942-43, and later as Military Governor of Bavaria. He gave Eisenhower no choice but to ease him out.

He put him in command of the "15th Army," literally a paper unit preparing a war history. George Patton had already warned his wife, just before the German surrender, that "peace is going to be hell on me." His death in an auto accident only three months after losing the military governorship and only seven months after the armistice may have seemed to him to have come too late rather than too early. "The proper end for the professional soldier," George Patton liked to say, "is a quick death inflicted by the last bullet of the last battle."

Death of an Anarchist

CHAOS AND NIGHT by Henry de Montherlant. 240 pages. Macmillan. \$4.95.

At the age of 67, Celestino Marchillo resumes a boyhood pastime—the Spanish custom of car fighting. He takes his stand in the middle of the Boulevard Saint-Martin in Paris and shakes his raincoat at the traffic. He is knocked down. "I could have presented the *capote* when the head passed, as others do, but I wanted to do it honestly, because the bull was honest," Celestino explains.

"You might have been killed," says Celestino's daughter, disapproving but not surprised.

"That's the whole point," Celestino answers. But Celestino, a lifelong, dedicated anarchist, has in fact misplaced the point of things—or rather, has lost

Rockwell Report

by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



THE CURRENT DEBATE over the meaning of a word like "extremism" is one of the best illustrations we have had for some time on the importance of being understood.

Words (and people) seem to be getting harder to understand these days. Even an accepted dictionary definition of "extremism" will be interpreted differently. If there's any doubt in your mind on this, just ask the next two people you see.

This is why we are continuously reminding our managers that they can never assume that they will be completely understood. When a manager defines an objective or issues an instruction to a subordinate, he may think he is being clear and precise. But there's always the chance that he isn't getting through on the exact wave length he's transmitting on.

In addition, the best managers are continuously changing and developing their own views and ideas, complicating the understanding process even further. This can mean redefining and restating objectives and instructions in the more important areas.

It probably underlines also the great advantage in the "playback" method when a manager thinks there is the slightest chance that important instructions or plans might be misunderstood. By getting a subordinate to restate orally or in writing in *his own words what he thinks is meant*, the chances for error are greatly reduced.

We realize that some people might define such a method itself as "extremist," but that probably means they simply don't understand the word. Not the way we do.

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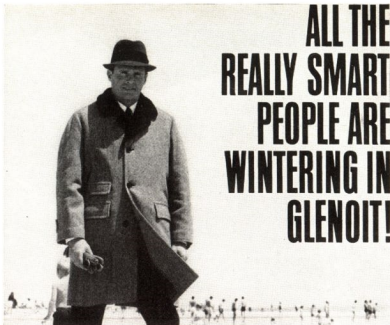
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* * *

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, makers of Measurement and Control Devices, Instruments, and Power Tools for twenty-two basic markets.



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his anarchist's well-ordered assurance of their pointlessness.

"**Impotent & Dangerous.**" Celestino's decline, as he loses his firm grip on nothingness and stumbles into senescence and death, is told in a novel that for most of its length is wry and likable. But the author, the distinguished French Playwright Henry de Montherlant, has chosen to cast not only Celestino but the novel itself into absurdity. Clearly this was to have been a novel of ideas; in detail it is. Celestino is full of lively observations and prickly comments. And the author appears to have something climactic to say. In successive pages he pastes up his posters, hires his hall, and dims the house lights. But at the last moment he ducks out the

DOMINIQUE BERNETT



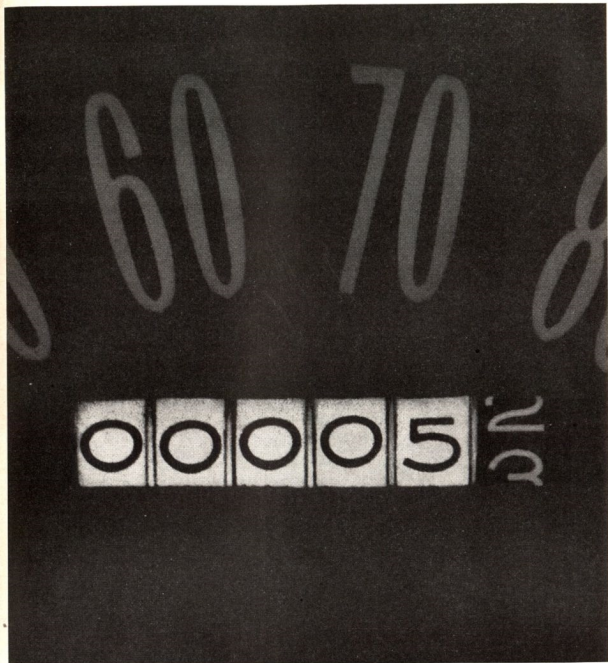
HENRY DE MONTERLANT

Four clumsy thrusts of the sword.

stage door and vanishes, leaving his audience to realize it has been swindled.

The fraud is worked this way: Celestino returns to Madrid to settle a will, and there he attends a mediocre bullfight. He comes to understand that a certain ill-favored bull, badly killed with four clumsy thrusts of the sword, represents Man. "More and more wary and more and more duped, more and more vicious and more and more mocked, more and more both impotent and dangerous, ineluctably doomed to die and yet still capable of killing: such was the bull at the end of its life, and such is man." Deeply troubled, Celestino returns to his hotel, lies down, experiences four agonizing pains along his spine, and dies.

Killed by the **Nonexistent**. There is an inflexible rule that in a novel about Spain the death of any male character over the age of five must be made to parallel the ritual of the bullfight, and a reader assumes that Celestino's four



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**"So I changed the meeting
to Tuesday instead, and I'll
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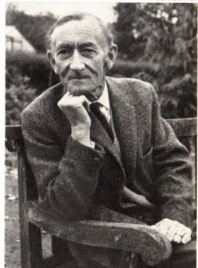
pains are merely Montherlant's notion of a heart attack. Not so. The police come, flip poor Celestino over, and discover "four thin clean holes which might have been made by a knife or sword." Has Celestino been murdered in some highly symbolic fashion? Apparently not; nor is there any hint that the supernatural is involved. Celestino's death is, rather, superliterary. He is the first character in the history of the novel to be killed by a wholly nonexistent symbol. This is artistic anarchy, which is not a satisfactory way to write about an anarchist.

Rationalist Revival

THE ENGLISH MORALISTS by Basil Willey. 318 pages. Norton. \$6.95.

The British philosophers and essayists of the past three centuries are more admired than read. Impeccably cool and collected, preening themselves on their rationalism, they leave the present

—ELIAN CLIFTON



BASIL WILLEY

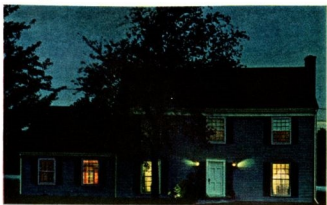
A time for plain credos?

impassioned age cold indeed. Yet these writers played a large part in shaping modern notions of good and evil, pleasure and pain, freedom and tyranny. They are also eminently readable, writes Basil Willey, English-literature professor for 18 years at Cambridge. His engaging little book may well spark a rationalist revival.

A believer in God who makes his credo perfectly plain in the course of the book, Author Willey is not in complete sympathy with these earnest skeptics. He gives them their due in a few felicitous phrases without becoming their advocate:

• FRANCIS BACON: "It is undeniable that Bacon has about him something of the magnificent charlatan. He is full of large utterance, but himself performs little. His own experimenting was unprofitable, and he ignored some of the best work of his contemporaries. But

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as the *buccinator novi temporis* (trumpeter of a new age), he is without an equal, and the next three centuries rightly regarded him as the seer, or even the poet, of science. Although he is reputed to be the father of the English essay, he despised the Epicurean life to which most of the essayists have been temperamentally inclined. He was at home in a heroic age, and scorned to be found anywhere but at intellectual headquarters."

• JOHN LOCKE: "One might call him the first modern English philosopher to write like a gentleman. His tone expresses confidence in the essential reasonableness of God, Nature and Man and in the fundamental stability of the English Constitution. There is said to be an ancient quarrel between philosophy and poetry, but I doubt if any kind of philosophy has ever been, in all its implications, more hostile to poetry than that of Locke."

• JOSEPH ADDISON: "The 18th century in England may not have been a very moral age, but it was certainly an age of moralists. Addison was the first lay preacher to reach the ear of the middle classes and to give dignified expression to their ideals and sentiments. He was the safest, the nicest great writer English literature had produced until the Victorian age."

• LORD CHESTERFIELD: "Few would-be servants of God put so much energy into their task as Chesterfield puts into the service of Mammon. The load carried by Bunyan's Christian was almost light compared with the burden imposed by this Worldly Wiseman on his unfortunate offspring. He felt that life held no greater good than to please it and be pleased by it. He tells his son: 'We shall not converse much together, for I cannot stand awkwardness; it would endanger my health.'"

• EDMUND BURKE: "The French revolutionists were sweeping away the past and replacing it by a mathematically symmetrical new order; and they were doing this in the name of 'nature.' Burke managed to throw 'nature' back into the teeth of its French disciples. It is 'natural,' he argued, for men to accept tradition, to be unequal, to be religious, to be respectful to their betters. The noble rustic or savage are exploded myths; rustics and savages merely turn out to be ignoble in ways somewhat different from our own."

Borderline Psychotic

LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN by Hubert Selby Jr. 304 pages. Grove Press. \$5.

This is Grove Press's extra special dirty book for fall. Apparently on the assumption that literary sex and violence, like heroin addiction, only gives kicks when the dosage is steadily increased, this new offering is even more extreme than *Naked Lunch*, *City of Night*, or any of Grove's earlier peddlings in the same line.

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loosely linked by shared characters and unremitting violence, to make up a novel about the waterfront slums of Brooklyn. In this book all the ordinary four-letter words are for the little children, while grownups employ a more esoteric vocabulary where *drag* means transvestite clothing, *silks* are women's underpants worn by men, a *john* is a male prostitute's male customer, and *rough-trade* is that same prostitute's brutal boy friend.

A fist in the face or a knee in the groin are routine asides. The climaxes occur when a gang of hoodlums beats a stray soldier nearly to death, with every kick, blow, chipped tooth, broken bone, and gout of blood and vomit described in detail; when a gang of transvestites and their boy friends get high on gin, Benzedrine and morphine, with

DAVID BAKER



HUBERT SELBY JR.

The aim is tape-recorder realism.

every ensuing act of sodomy and fellatio described in detail; when a gang of dockworkers, derelicts and degenerates inflict multiple intercourse upon a prostitute in a parking lot so savagely that she is killed, with every drop of beer, blood, spittle and semen described in unrelenting detail.

There are critics (Grove is already assembling them) who will defend as art and high realism a book that describes such life and death with the primitive but undeniable power and anger that Author Selby demonstrates. But *Last Exit to Brooklyn* is not realism at all. Instead, it is a hypocrisy just as flagrant as the old-fashioned kind that wrote *...* for dirty words and *...* for scenes of sex. What Selby scrupulously elides are all the pleasant moments of life. What's left, he tells in a style that will also inevitably be hailed as "tape-recorder realism"—because it mumbles like the nonstop mouthings of a drink-sodden bum or screams like a borderline psychotic.

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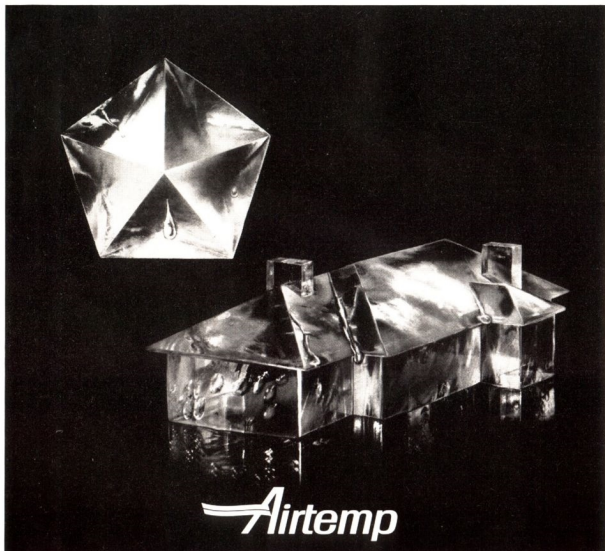
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